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E Marchmont
1752
Anne Barker

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AMELIA.

BY

Henry Fielding, Esq;

Felices ter & amplius
Quos irrupta tenet Copula.

Τυναικὸς οὐδὲν χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ λαίζηται
Ἐσθλῆς ἄμεινον, οὐδὲ ξύνοικον κακῆς.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:
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M.DCC.LII.

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AMELIA.

BOOK X.

CHAP. I.

To which we will prefix no Preface.

THE Doctor found *Amelia* alone, for *Booth* was gone to walk with his new revived Acquaintance, Captain *Trent*, who ſeemed ſo pleaſed with the Renewal of his Intercourſe with his old Brother Officer, that he had been almoſt continually with him from the Time of their meeting at the Drum.

Amelia acquainted the Doctor with the Purport of her Meſſage, as follows: 'I aſk your Pardon, my dear Sir, for 'troubling you ſo often with my Affairs; 'but I know your extreme Readineſs 'as well as Ability to aſſiſt any one with 'your Advice. The Fact is, that my

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'Husband hath been presented by Colonel 'James with two Tickets for a Masquer-'ade, which is to be in a Day or two; 'and he insists so strongly on my go-'ing with him, that I really do not 'know how to refuse, without giving 'him some Reason; and I am not able to 'invent any other than the true one, 'which you would not, I am sure, advise 'me to communicate to him. Indeed I 'had a most narrow Escape the other 'Day; for I was almost drawn in inad-'vertently, by a very strange Accident, 'to acquaint him with the whole Matter. 'She then related the Serjeant's Dream, 'with all the Consequences that attended it.

The Doctor considered a little with him-self, and then said, 'I am really, Child, 'puzzled as well as you about this Matter. 'I would by no means have you go to the 'Masquerade: I do not indeed like the 'Diversion itself, as I have heard it de-'scribed to me: Not that I am such a 'Prude to suspect every Woman who 'goes there of any evil Intentions; but 'it is a Pleasure of too loose and disor-'derly a Kind for the Recreation of a 'sober Mind. Indeed you have still a 'stronger and more particular Objection.

'I

'I will try myſelf to reaſon him out 'of it.

'Indeed it is impoſſible,' anſwered ſhe; 'and therefore I would not ſet you about it. 'I never ſaw him more ſet on any thing. 'There is a Party, as they call it, made on 'the Occaſion, and he tells me my Re'fuſal will diſappoint all.

'I really do not know what to adviſe 'you,' cries the Doctor: 'I have told you 'I do not approve theſe Diverſions; but 'yet, as your Huſband is ſo very deſir'ous, I cannot think there will be any 'Harm in going with him. However, I 'will conſider of it, and do all in my 'Power for you.'

Here Mrs. *Atkinſon* came in, and the Diſcourſe on this Subject ceaſed; but ſoon after *Amelia* renewed it, ſaying, there was no Occaſion to keep any thing a Secret from her Friend. They then fell to debating on the Subject; but could not come to any Reſolution: But Mrs. *Atkinſon*, who was in an unuſual Flow of Spirits, cried out, 'Fear nothing, my dear *Amelia*; 'two Women ſurely will be too hard for one 'Man. I think, Doctor, it exceeds *Virgil*.

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Una dolo divûm ſi Fœmina victa duorum eſt.

'Very well repeated indeed,' cries the Doctor. 'Do you underſtand all *Virgil* 'as well as you ſeem to do that Line?

'I hope I do Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'and *Horace* 'too; or elſe my Father threw away his 'Time to very little Purpoſe in teach-'ing me.

'I aſk your Pardon, Madam,' cries the Doctor, 'I own it was an impertinent 'Queſtion.

'Not at all, Sir,' ſays ſhe; 'and if you 'are one of thoſe who imagine Women 'incapable of Learning, I ſhall not be 'offended at it. I know the common Opi-'nion; but

Interdum vulgus rectum videt, eſt ubi peccat.

'If I was to profeſs ſuch an Opinion, 'Madam,' ſaid the Doctor, 'Madam *Dacier* 'and yourſelf would bear Teſtimony againſt 'me. The utmoſt indeed that I ſhould 'venture would be to queſtion the Utility 'of Learning in a young Lady's Education.

'I

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'I own, said Mrs. *Atkinson*, as the 'World is constituted, it cannot be as ser-'viceable to her Fortune, as it will be 'to that of a Man; but you will allow, 'Doctor, that Learning may afford a Wo-'man at least a reasonable and an innocent 'Entertainment.

'But I will suppose,' cried the Doctor, 'it may have its Inconveniencies. As for 'Instance, if a learned Lady should meet 'with an unlearned Husband, might she 'not be apt to despise him?

I think not,' cries Mrs. *Atkinson*—'and 'if I may be allowed the Instance — I 'think I have shewn myself that Women 'who have Learning themselves, can be 'contented without that Qualification in a 'Man.

'To be sure,' cries the Doctor, 'there 'may be other Qualifications which may 'have their Weight in the Balance. But let 'us take the other Side of the Question, 'and suppose the Learned of both Sexes to 'meet in the Matrimonial Union, may it 'not afford one excellent Subject of Dis-'putation, which is the most learned.

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'Not at all,' cries Mrs. *Atkinſon*; 'for, 'if they had both Learning and good 'Senſe, they would ſoon ſee on which Side 'the Superiority lay.

'But if the learned Man,' ſaid the Doctor, 'ſhould be a little unreaſonable 'in his Opinion, are you ſure that the 'learned Woman would preſerve her Duty 'to her Huſband, and ſubmit?

'But why,' cries Mrs. *Atkinſon*, 'muſt 'we neceſſarily ſuppoſe that a learned Man 'would be unreaſonable?

'Nay, Madam,' ſaid the Doctor, 'I am 'not your Huſband; and you ſhall not 'hinder me from ſuppoſing what I pleaſe. 'Surely it is not ſuch a Paradox to con-'ceive that a Man of Learning ſhould be 'unreaſonable. Are there no unreaſonable 'Opinions in very learned Authors, even 'among the Critics themſelves. For In-'ſtance, What can be a more ſtrange, and 'indeed unreaſonable Opinion, than to 'prefer the *Metamorphoſes* of *Ovid* to the '*Æneid* of *Virgil*?

'It would be indeed ſo ſtrange,' cries the Lady, 'that you ſhall not perſuade 'me

'me it was ever the Opinion of any 'Man.

'Perhaps not,' cries the Doctor; 'and I 'believe you and I should not differ in 'our Judgments of any Person who main-'tained such an Opinion——What a Taste 'must he have?

'A most contemptible one indeed,' cries Mrs. *Atkinson*.

'I am satisfied,' cries the Doctor. 'And 'in the Words of your own *Horace*, *Ver-'bum non amplius addam*.

'But how provoking is this!' cries Mrs. *Atkinson*, 'to draw one in in such a Man-'ner. I protest I was so warm in the De-'fence of my Favourite *Virgil*, that I was 'not aware of your Design; but all your 'Triumph depends on a Supposition that 'one should be so unfortunate as to meet 'with the silliest Fellow in the World.

'Not in the least,' cries the Doctor. 'Dr. *Bentley* was not such a Person; and 'yet he would have quarrelled, I am con-'vinced, with any Wife in the World, in 'behalf of one of his Corrections. I don't

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'ſuppoſe he would have given up his 'Ingentia Fata to an Angel.

'But do you think,' ſaid ſhe, 'if I had 'loved him, I would have contended with 'him?

'Perhaps you might ſometimes,' ſaid the Doctor, 'be of theſe Sentiments; but 'you remember your own *Virgil*—*Varium* '*et mutabile ſemper Fœmina.*

'Nay, *Amelia*,' ſaid Mrs. *Atkinſon*, 'you 'are now concern'd as well as I am; for he 'hath now abuſed the whole Sex, and quo-'ted the ſevereſt Thing that ever was ſaid 'againſt us, though I allow it is one of the 'fineſt.

'With all my Heart, my Dear,' cries *Amelia*. 'I have the Advantage of you 'however, for I don't underſtand him.

'Nor doth ſhe underſtand much better 'than yourſelf,' cries the Doctor; 'or ſhe 'would not admire Nonſenſe even though 'in *Virgil*.

'Pardon me, Sir,' ſaid ſhe.

'And

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'And pardon me, Madam,' cries the Doctor, 'I ſay a Boy in the fourth Form 'at *Eton* would be whipt, or would de'ſerve to be whipt at leaſt, who made the '*Neuter Gender* agree with the *Feminine*. 'You have heard however, that *Virgil* left 'his *Æneid* incorrect; and perhaps had he 'lived to correct it, we ſhould not have 'ſeen the Faults we now ſee in it.

'Why it is very true as you ſay, Doctor,' cries Mrs. *Atkinſon*——'There ſeems to 'be a falſe Concord. I proteſt I never 'thought of it before.

'And yet this is the *Virgil*,' anſwered the Doctor, 'that you are ſo fond of, 'who hath made you all of the *Neuter* '*Gender*; or as we ſay in *Engliſh*, he hath 'made mere Things of you: For if we 'tranſlate it thus;

Woman is a various and changeable Thing,

'there will be no Fault, I believe, unleſs 'in point of Civility to the Ladies.'

Mrs. *Atkinſon* had juſt Time to tell the Doctor he was a provoking Creature, before

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the Arrival of *Booth* and his Friend put an end to that learned Diſcourſe, in which neither of the Parties had greatly recommended themſelves to each other, the Doctor's Opinion of the Lady being not at all heightened by her Progreſs in the *Cleſſics*; and ſhe on the other hand, having conceived a great Diſlike in her Heart towards the Doctor, which would have raged, perhaps, with no leſs Fury from the Conſideration that he had been her Huſband.

CHAP. II.

What happened at the Maſquerade.

FROM this Time to the Day of the Maſquerade, nothing happened of Conſequence enough to have a Place in this Hiſtory.

On that Day Colonel *James* came to *Booth*'s about Nine in the Evening, where he ſtay'd for Mrs. *James*, who did not come till near Eleven. The four Maſques then ſet out together in ſeveral Chairs; and all proceeded to the *Hay-Market*.

When

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When they arrived at the Opera-House, the Colonel and Mrs. *James* presently left them; nor did *Booth* and his Lady remain long together, but were soon divided from each other by different Masques.

A Domino soon accosted the Lady and had her away to the upper End of the furthest Room on the right Hand, where both the Masques sat down: Nor was it long before the He Domino began to make very fervent Love to the She. It would perhaps be tedious to the Reader to run thro' the whole Process, which was not indeed in the most romantick Stile. The Lover seemed to consider his Mistress as a mere Woman of this World, and seemed rather to apply to her Avarice and Ambition than to her softer Passions.

As he was not so careful to conceal his true Voice as the Lady was, she soon discovered that this Lover of hers was no other than her old Friend the Peer, and presently a Thought suggested itself to her of making an Advantage of this Accident. She gave him therefore an Intimation that she knew him, and expressed some Astonishment at his having found her out. 'I

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'ſuſpect, ſays ſhe, my Lord, that you 'have a Friend in the Woman where I 'now lodge, as well as you had in Mrs. '*Ellifon.*' My Lord proteſted the contrary——To which ſhe anſwered, 'Nay, 'my Lord, do not defend her ſo earneſtly 'till you are ſure I ſhould have been angry 'with her.'

At theſe Words, which were accompanied with a very bewitching Softneſs, my Lord flew into Raptures rather too ſtrong for the Place he was in. Theſe the Lady gently checked, and begged him to take care they were not obſerved; for that her Huſband, for aught ſhe knew, was then in the Room.

Colonel *James* came now up, and ſaid, 'So, Madam, I have the good Fortune 'to find you again; I have been extreme-'ly miſerable ſince I loſt you.' The Lady anſwered in her Maſquerade Voice that ſhe did not know him. 'I am Colo-'nel *James*,' ſaid he, in a Whiſper.' Indeed, 'Sir,' anſwer'd ſhe, 'you are miſtaken, I 'have no Acquaintance with any Colonel '*James*.' Madam, anſwer'd he, in a Whiſper likewiſe, 'I am poſitive I am not miſta-'ken, you are certainly Mrs. *Booth*.—In-'deed,

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'deed Sir,' said she, 'you are very impertinent, and I beg you will leave me.' My Lord then interposed, and speaking in his own Voice, assur'd the Colonel that the Lady was a Woman of Quality, and that they were engaged in a Conversation together; upon which the Colonel asked the Lady's Pardon; for as there was nothing remarkable in her Dress, he really believ'd he had been mistaken.

He then went again a hunting through the Rooms, and soon after found *Booth* walking without his Mask between two Ladies, one of whom was in a blue Domino, and the other in the Dress of a Shepherdess. '*Will*,' cries the Colonel, 'do you know what is become of our 'Wives; for I have seen neither of them 'since we have been in the Room? *Booth* 'answered, that he supposed they were 'both together, and they should find 'them by and by.' 'What,' cries the Lady in the blue Domino, 'are you 'both come upon Duty then with your 'Wives? As for yours, Mr. Alderman, 'said she to the Colonel, I make no Que'stion but she is got into much better 'Company than her Husband's.' 'How 'can

'can you be so cruel, Madam, said the Shepherdess, you will make him beat his Wife by and by, for he is a military Man I assure you. In the Trained Bands I presume, cries the Domino, for he is plainly dated from the City.—— I own, indeed, cries the other, the Gentleman smells strongly of *Thames-Street*, and, if I may venture to guess, of the honourable Calling of a *Taylor*.'

'Why what the Devil hast thou pick'd up here,' cries *James*?

'Upon my Soul, I don't know,' answered *Booth*; 'I wish you would take one of them at least.'

'What say you, Madam,' cries the Domino, 'will you go with the Colonel? I assure you, you have mistaken your Man, for he is no less a Person than the great Colonel *James* himself.

'No Wonder, then, that Mr. *Booth* gives him his Choice of us; it is the proper Office of a Caterer, in which Capacity Mr. *Booth*, hath, I am told, the Honour to serve the noble Colonel.'

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'Much Good may it do you with your 'Ladies, ſaid *James*, I will go in Purſuit 'of better Game. At which Words he 'walked off.'

'You are a true Sportſman,' cries the Shepherdeſs; 'for your only Pleaſure, I 'believe, lies in the Purſuit.

'Do you know the Gentleman, Ma-dam?' cries the Domino.

'Who doth not know him?' anſwered the Shepherdeſs.

'What is his Character?' cries the Domino; 'for though I have jeſted with 'him I only know him by Sight.

'I know nothing very particular in his 'Character,' cries the Shepherdeſs. 'He 'gets every handſome Woman he can, and 'ſo they do all.

'I ſuppoſe then he is not married,' ſaid the Domino.

'O yes, and married for Love too, 'anſwered the other; but he hath loved 'away all his Love for her long ago, and 'now

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'now, he says, she makes as fine an Ob-
'ject of Hatred.—— I think if the Fellow
'ever appears to have any Wit, it is when
'he abuses his Wife, and luckily for him,
'that is his favourite Topick.—— I don't
'know the poor Wretch, but as he de-
'scribes her, it is a miserable Animal.

'I know her very well,' cries the other,
'and I am much mistaken if she is not
'even with him: But hang him, what is
'become of *Booth?*

At this Instant a great Noise arose near that Part where the two Ladies were. This was occasioned by a large Assembly of young Fellows, whom they call Bucks, who were got together and were enjoying, as the Phrase is, a Letter, which one of them had found in the Room.

Curiosity hath its Votaries among all Ranks of People, whenever therefore an Object of this appears, it is as sure of attracting a Croud in the Assemblies of the Polite, as in those of their Inferiors.

When this Croud was gathered together, one of the Bucks, at the Desire of his Companions, as well as of all present, performed

perform'd the Part of a public Orator, and read out the following Letter, which we ſhall give the Reader, together with the Comments of the Orator himſelf, and of all his Audience.

The Orator then being mounted on a Bench began as follows:

'Here beginneth the firſt Chapter of '——Saint—Pox on't, *Jack*, what is the 'Saint's Name? I have forgot.

'*Timothy*, you Blockhead,' anſwer'd another——*Timothy*.

'Well, then,' cries the Orator, 'of Saint '*Timothy*.

'Sir, I am very ſorry to have any Occaſion of writing on the following Subject, in a Country that is honoured with 'the Name of Chriſtian; much more am 'I concern'd to addreſs myſelf to a Man 'whoſe many Advantages derived both 'from Nature and Fortune ſhould demand 'the higheſt Return of Gratitude to the 'great Giver of all thoſe good Things. 'Is not ſuch a Man guilty of the higheſt 'Ingratitude to that moſt beneficent Being, by

'by a direct and avowed Diſobedience of
'his moſt poſitive Laws and Commands.

'I need not tell you that Adultery is
'forbid in the Laws of the Decalogue.
'nor need I, I hope, mention, that it is
'as expreſly forbid in the New Teſtament.

'*You ſee therefore,*' *ſaid the Orator,*
'*what the Law is, and therefore none of you*
'*will be able to plead Ignorance when you come*
'*to the* Old-Baily *in the other World.*——
'*But here goes again.*——.

'If it had not been ſo expreſsly forbid-
'den in Scripture, ſtill the Law of Na-
'ture would have yielded Light enough
'for us to have diſcovered the great Hor-
'ror and Atrociouſneſs of this Crime.

'And accordingly we find, that Na-
'tions where the Sun of Righteouſneſs
'hath yet never ſhined, have puniſhed the
'Adulterer with the moſt exemplary
'Pains and Penalties, not only the polite
'Heathens, but the moſt barbarous Na-
'tions have concurred in theſe; in many
'Places the moſt ſevere and ſhameful cor-
'poral Puniſhments, and in ſome, and
'thoſe

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'those not a few, Death itself hath been 'inflicted on this Crime.

'And sure in a human Sense there is 'scarce any Guilt which deserves to be 'more severely punished. It includes in 'it almost every Injury and every Mis-'chief which one Man can do to, or can 'bring on another. It is robbing him of 'his Property.

'*Mind that, Ladies,*' *said the Orator,* '*you are all the Property of your Husbands*; 'and of that Property, which, if he is a 'good Man, he values above all others. 'It is poisoning that Fountain whence he 'hath a Right to derive the sweetest and 'most innocent Pleasure, the most cordial 'Comfort, the most solid Friendship, and 'most faithful Assistance in all his Affairs, 'Wants and Distresses. It is the Destruc-'tion of his Peace of Mind, and even of his 'Reputation. The Ruin of both Wife 'and Husband, and sometimes of the whole 'Family, are the probable Consequence 'of this fatal Injury. Domestic Happiness 'is the End of almost all our Pursuits, 'and the common Reward of all our Pains. 'When Men find themselves for ever 'barred from this delightful Fruition, they

are

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'are loſt to all Induſtry, and grow careleſs 'of all their wordly Affairs. Thus they 'become bad Subjects, bad Relations, bad 'Friends and bad Men. Hatred and Re-'venge are the wretched Paſſions which 'boil in their Minds. Deſpair and Mad-'neſs very commonly enſue, and Murder 'and Suicide often cloſe the dreadful Scene.

'*Thus, Gentlemen and Ladies, you ſee the 'Scene is cloſed. So here ends the firſt Act— 'and thus begins the ſecond.*

'I have here attempted to lay before 'you a Picture of this Vice, the Horror of 'which no Colours of mine can exagge-'rate. But what Pencil can delineate the 'Horrors of that Puniſhment which the 'Scripture denounces againſt it.

'And for what will you ſubject your-'ſelf to this Puniſhment? Or for what 'Reward will you inflict all this Miſery 'on another? I will add on your Friend? 'For the Poſſeſſion of a Woman; for the 'Pleaſure of a Moment? But if neither 'Virtue nor Religion can reſtrain your in-'ordinate Appetites, are there not many 'Women as handſome as your Friend's 'Wife, whom, though not with Inno-'cence,

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'cence, you may poſſeſs with a much leſs 'Degree of Guilt? What Motive then can 'thus hurry you on to the Deſtruction of 'yourſelf and your Friend? Doth the pecu-'liar Rankneſs of the Guilt add any Zeſt to 'the Sin? Doth it enhance the Pleaſure as 'much as we may be aſſured it will the 'Puniſhment?

'But if you can be ſo loſt to all Senſe 'of Fear, and of Shame, and of Good-'neſs, as not to be debarred by the Evil 'which you are to bring on yourſelf, by 'the extreme Baſeneſs of the Action, nor 'by the Ruin in which you are to involve 'others, let me ſtill urge the Difficulty, I 'may ſay the Impoſſibility of the Succeſs. 'You are attacking a Fortreſs on a Rock; 'a Chaſtity ſo ſtrongly defended, as well, 'by a happy natural Diſpoſition of Mind, 'as by the ſtrongeſt Principles of Reli-'gion and Virtue, implanted by Educa-'tion, and nouriſhed and improved by 'Habit, that the Woman muſt be in-'vincible even without that firm and 'conſtant Affection of her Huſband, which 'would guard a much looſer and worſe 'diſpoſed Heart. What therefore are you 'attempting but to introduce Diſtruſt, 'and perhaps Diſunion between an in-

nocent

'nocent and a happy Couple, in which 'too you cannot succeed without bringing, 'I am convinced, certain Deſtruction on 'your own Head?

'Deſiſt, therefore, let me adviſe you, 'from this enormous Crime; retreat from 'the vain Attempt of climbing a Precipice 'which it is impoſſible you ſhould ever 'aſcend; where you muſt probably ſoon 'fall into utter Perdition, and can have no 'other Hope but of dragging down your 'beſt Friend into Perdition with you.

'I can think of but one Argument more, 'and that indeed a very bad one: You 'throw away that Time in an impoſſible 'Attempt, which might, in other Places 'crown your ſinful Endeavours with Suc-'ceſs.

'*And ſo ends the diſmal Ditty.*

'D—n me,' cries one, 'did ever mortal 'hear ſuch d—nd Stuff?

'Upon my Soul,' ſaid another, 'I like 'the laſt Argument well enough. There 'is ſome Senſe in that: For d——n me if 'I had not rather go to *D—g—ſs* at any 'Time,

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'Time, than follow a virtuous B——, for 'a Fortnight.

'*Tom*,' says one of them, 'let us set the 'Ditty to Musick; let us subscribe to have 'it set by *Handel*, it will make an excel- 'lent Oratorio.

'D—n me, *Jack*,' says another, 'we'll 'have it set to a Psalm Tune, and we'll 'sing it next *Sunday* at St. *James*'s Church, 'and I'll bear a Bob, d——n me.

'Fie upon it, Gentlemen, fie upon it,' said a Frier who came up, 'do you think 'there is any Wit and Humour in this Ri- 'baldry; or if there were, would it make 'any Atonement for abusing Religion and 'Virtue?

'Hey day!' cries one, 'this is a Frier 'in good earnest.

'Whatever I am,' said the Frier, 'I hope 'at least, you are what you appear to be. 'Heaven forbid, for the Sake of our Po- 'sterity, that you should be Gentlemen.

'*Jack*,' cries one, 'let us toss the Frier 'in a Blanket.

'Me

'Me in a Blanket!' ſaid the Frier, 'by 'the Dignity of Man, I will twiſt the 'Neck of every one of you as ſure as ever 'the Neck of a Dunghil-Cock was twiſted. 'At which Words he pulled off his Maſque, 'and the tremendous Majeſty of Colonel '*Bath* appear'd, from which the Bucks fled 'away as faſt as the *Trojans* heretofore from 'the Face of *Achilles*. The Colonel did 'not think it worth while to purſue any 'other of them except him who had the 'Letter in his Hand, which the Colonel 'deſired to ſee, and the other deli-'vered, ſaying it was very much at his 'Service.'

The Colonel being poſſeſs'd of the Letter retired as privately as he could, in order to give it a careful Peruſal; for badly as it had been read by the Orator, there were ſome Paſſages in it which had pleaſed the Colonel. He had juſt gone through it when *Booth* paſſed by him; upon which the Colonel called to him, and delivering him the Letter, bid him put it in his Pocket, and read it at his Leiſure. He made many Encomiums upon it, and told *Booth* it would be of Service to him, and was proper for all young Men to read.

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Booth had not yet ſeen his Wife; but as he concluded ſhe was ſafe with Mrs. *James*, he was not uneaſy. He had been prevented by ſearching farther after her, by the Lady in the blue Domino, who had joined him again. *Booth* had now made theſe Diſcoveries; that the Lady was pretty well acquainted with him; that ſhe was a Woman of Faſhion; and that ſhe had a particular Regard for him. But though he was a gay Man, he was in reality ſo fond of his *Amelia*, that he thought of no other Woman; wherefore, though not abſolutely a *Joſeph*, as we have already ſeen; yet could he not be guilty of premeditated Inconſtancy. He was indeed ſo very cold and inſenſible to the Hints which were given him, that the Lady began to complain of his Dulneſs. When the Shepherdeſs again came up, and heard this Accuſation againſt him, ſhe confirmed it, ſaying: 'I do aſſure 'you, Madam, he is the dulleſt Fellow in 'the World. Indeed I ſhould almoſt take 'you for his Wife, by finding you a ſecond 'Time with him; for I do aſſure you the 'Gentleman very ſeldom keeps any other 'Company.' 'Are you ſo well acquainted 'with him, Madam?' ſaid the Domino. 'I have had that Honour longer than your

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'Ladyſhip, I believe,' anſwered the Shepherdeſs. 'Poſſibly you may, Madam,' cries the Domino, 'but I wiſh you would 'not interrupt us at preſent; for we have 'ſome Buſineſs together.' 'I believe, Madam,' anſwered the Shepherdeſs, 'my 'Buſineſs with the Gentleman is altogether 'as important as yours; and therefore your 'Ladyſhip may withdraw if you pleaſe.—'My dear Ladies,' cries *Booth*, 'I beg 'you will not quarrel about me.'—'Not 'at all,' anſwered the Domino, 'ſince you 'are ſo indifferent, I reſign my Pretenſions 'with all my Heart. If you had not been 'the dulleſt Fellow upon Earth, I am con'vinced you muſt have diſcovered me.'—She then went off muttering to herſelf, that ſhe was ſatisfied the Shepherdeſs was ſome wretched Creature whom no body knew.

The Shepherdeſs overheard the Sarcaſm, and anſwered it, by aſking *Booth* what contemptible Wretch he had picked up. 'Indeed, Madam, ſaid he, you know 'as much of her as I do; ſhe is a maſque'rade Acquaintance like yourſelf. Like 'me!' repeated ſhe, 'Do you think if 'this had been our firſt Acquaintance, I 'ſhould have waſted ſo much Time with 'you

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'you as I have? For your Part indeed, I 'believe a woman will get very little Ad- 'vantage by her having been formerly 'intimate with you.' 'I do not know, 'Madam, said *Booth*, that I deserve that 'character, any more than I know the Per- 'son that now gives it me.' 'And you 'have the Assurance then,' said she in her own Voice, 'to affect not to remember 'me.' 'I think,' cries *Booth*, 'I have 'heard that Voice before; but upon my 'Soul I do not recollect it.' 'Do you re- 'collect,' said she, 'no Woman that you 'have used with the highest Barbarity? I 'will not say Ingratitude.' 'No, upon 'my Honour,' answered *Booth*. 'Men- 'tion not Honour,' said she, 'thou Wretch: 'For hardened as thou art, I could shew 'thee a Face, that in spite of thy consum- 'mate Impudence, would confound thee 'with Shame and Horrour.' Do'st thou 'not yet know me?' 'I do, Madam, 'indeed,' answered *Booth*, 'and I confess, 'that of all Women in the World you 'have the most Reason for what you said.'

Here a long Dialogue ensued between the Gentleman and the Lady, whom, I suppose, I need not mention to have been Miss *Mathews*; but as it consisted chiefly

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of violent Upbraidings on her Side, and Excuſes on his, I deſpair of making it entertaining to the Reader, and ſhall therefore return to the Colonel, who having ſearched all the Rooms with the utmoſt Diligence, without finding the Woman he looked for, began to ſuſpect that he had before fixed on the right Perſon, and that *Amelia* had denied herſelf to him, being pleaſed with her Paramour, whom he had diſcovered to be the noble Peer.

He reſolved therefore, as he could have no Sport himſelf, to ſpoil that of others; accordingly he found out *Booth*, and aſked him again what was become of both their Wives; for that he had ſearched all over the Rooms, and could find neither of them?

Booth was now a little alarmed at this Account, and parting with Miſs *Mathews*, went along with the Colonel in ſearch of his Wife. As for Miſs *Mathews*, he had at length pacified her with a Promiſe to make her a Viſit; which Promiſe ſhe extorted from him, ſwearing bitterly in the moſt ſolemn Manner, unleſs he made it to her, ſhe would expoſe both him and herſelf at the Maſquerade.

As

As he knew the Violence of the Lady's Paſſions, and to what Heights they were capable of riſing, he was obliged to come into theſe Terms; for he had, I am convinced, no Fear upon Earth equal to that of *Amelia*'s knowing what it was in the Power of Miſs *Mathews* to communicate to her, and which to conceal from her, he had already undergone ſo much Uneaſineſs.

The Colonel led *Booth* directly to the Place where he had ſeen the Peer and *Amelia* (ſuch he was now well convinced ſhe was) ſitting together. *Booth* no ſooner ſaw her, than he ſaid to the Colonel, ſure that is my Wife in Converſation with that Maſque—I took her for your Lady myſelf, ſaid the Colonel; but I found I was miſtaken.—(Hark ye, that is my Lord ———, and I have ſeen that very Lady with him all this Night.)

This Converſation paſt at a little Diſtance, and out of the Hearing of the ſuppoſed *Amelia*; when *Booth* looking ſtedfaſtly at the Lady, declared with an Oath that he was poſitive the Colonel was in the right. She then beckon'd to him with her Fan; upon

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which he went directly to her; and she asked him to go home, which he very readily consented to. The Peer then walked off, the Colonel went in pursuit of his Wife, or of some other Woman; and *Booth* and his Lady returned in two Chairs to their Lodgings.

CHAP. III.

Consequences of the Masquerade, not uncommon nor surprising.

THE Lady getting first out of her Chair ran hastily up into the Nursery to the Children; for such was *Amelia*'s constant Method at her return home, at whatever Hour. *Booth* then walked into the Dining-room, where he had not been long before *Amelia* came down to him, and with a most chearful Countenance said, 'My Dear, I fancy we have neither of us 'supped, shall I go down and see whether 'there is any cold Meat in the House?'

'For yourself, if you please,' answered *Booth*; 'but I shall eat nothing.'

'How, my Dear,' said *Amelia*, 'I hope 'you have not lost your Appetite at the 'Masque-

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'Masquerade?' For Supper was a Meal at which he generally eat very heartily.

'I know not well what I have lost,' said '*Booth*; 'I find myself disordered. My 'Head aches. I know not what is the 'Matter with me.'

'Indeed, my Dear, you fright me,' said *Amelia*; 'you look indeed disordered. I 'wish the Masquerade had been far enough, 'before you had gone thither.'

'Would to Heaven it had,' cries *Booth*; 'but that is over now. But pray, *Amelia*, 'answer me one Question, who was that 'Gentleman with you, when I came up to 'you?'

'The Gentleman, my Dear,' said *Amelia*, 'what Gentleman?'

'The Gentleman, the Nobleman, when 'I came up; sure I speak plain.'

'Upon my Word, my Dear, I don't 'understand you,' answered she; 'I did 'not know one Person at the Masque-'rade.'

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'How!' said he, 'what spend the whole 'Evening with a Masque without know-'ing him?'

'Why, my Dear,' said she, 'you 'know we were not together.'

'I know we were not,' said he? 'but 'what is that to the Purpose? sure you 'answer me strangely. I know we were 'not together; and therefore I ask you 'whom you were with?'

'Nay but, my Dear,' said she, 'can I 'tell People in Masques?'

'I say again, Madam,' said he, 'would 'you converse two Hours or more with a 'Masque whom you did not know?'

'Indeed, Child,' says she, 'I know no-'thing of the Methods of a Masquerade; 'for I never was at one in my Life.'

'I wish to Heaven you had not been at 'this,' cries *Booth*. 'Nay you will wish 'so yourself; if you tell me Truth—What 'have I said? do I, can I suspect you of 'not speaking Truth?—Since you are ig-

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'norant then I will inform you, the Man 'you have converſed with was no other 'than Lord ———.'

'And is that the Reaſon,' ſaid ſhe, 'you 'wiſh I had not been there?'

'And is not that Reaſon,' anſwered he, 'ſufficient? Is he not the laſt Man upon 'Earth with whom I would have you con-'verſe?'

'So you really wiſh then that I had not 'been at the Maſquerade?'

'I do,' cried he, 'from my Soul.'

'So may I ever be able,' cried ſhe, 'to 'indulge you in every Wiſh as in this.—I 'was not there.'

'Do not trifle, *Amelia*,' cried he, 'you 'would not jeſt with me if you knew the 'Situation of my Mind.'

'Indeed I do not jeſt with you,' ſaid ſhe. 'Upon my Honour I was not there. 'Forgive me this firſt Deceit I ever prac-'tiſed, and indeed it ſhall be the laſt; for 'I have paid ſeverely for this by the

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'Uneaſineſs it hath given me.' She then revealed to him the whole Secret, which was thus.

I think it hath been already mentioned in ſome Part of this Hiſtory, that *Amelia* and Mrs. *Atkinſon* were exactly of the ſame Make and Stature, and that there was likewiſe a very near Reſemblance between their Voices. When Mrs. *Atkinſon* therefore found that *Amelia* was ſo extremely averſe to the Maſquerade, ſhe propoſed to go thither in her ſtead, and to paſs upon *Booth* for his own Wife.

This was afterwards very eaſily executed; for when they left *Booth*'s Lodgings, *Amelia*, who went laſt to her Chair, ran back to fetch her Maſque, as ſhe pretended, which ſhe had purpoſely left behind. She then whipt off her Domino, and threw it over Mrs. *Atkinſon*, who ſtood ready to receive it, and ran immediately down Stairs, and ſtepping into *Amelia*'s Chair proceeded with the reſt to the Maſquerade.

As her Stature exactly ſuited that of *Amelia*, ſhe had very little Difficulty to carry on the Impoſition; for beſides the natural Reſemblance of their Voices, and the Opportunity

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tunity of ſpeaking in a feigned one, ſhe had ſcarce an Intercourſe of ſix Words with *Booth* during the whole Time; for the Moment they got into the Crowd, ſhe took the firſt Opportunity of ſlipping from him. And he, as the Reader may remember, being ſeized by other Women, and concluding his Wife to be ſafe with Mrs. *James* was very well ſatisfied, till the Colonel ſet him upon the Search, as we have ſeen before.

Mrs. *Atkinſon*, the Moment ſhe came home, ran up Stairs to the Nurſery, where ſhe found *Amelia*, and told her in Haſte that ſhe might very eaſily carry on the Deceit with her Huſband; for that ſhe might tell him what ſhe pleaſed to invent, as they had not been a Minute together during the whole Evening.

Booth was no ſooner ſatisfied that his Wife had not been from home that Evening, than he fell into Raptures with her, gave her a thouſand tender Careſſes, blamed his own Judgment, acknowledged the Goodneſs of hers, and vowed never to oppoſe her Will more in any one Inſtance during his Life.

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Mrs. *Atkinſon*, who was ſtill in the Nurſery with her Maſquerade Dreſs, was then ſummoned down Stairs; and when *Booth* ſaw her, and heard her ſpeak in her mimic Tone, he declared he was not ſurpriſed at his having been impoſed upon; for that if they were both in the ſame Diſguiſe, he ſhould ſcarce be able to diſcover the Difference between them.

They then ſat down to half an Hour's chearful Converſation; after which they retired all in the moſt perfect good Humour.

CHAP. IV.

Conſequences of the Maſquerade.

WHEN *Booth* roſe in the Morning, he found in his Pocket that Letter which had been delivered to him by Colonel *Bath*, which, had not Chance brought to his Remembrance, he might poſſibly have never recollected.

He had now however the Curioſity to open the Letter, and beginning to read it the Matter of it drew him on, 'till he peruſed

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uſed the whole; for notwithſtanding the Contempt caſt upon it by thoſe learned Critics the Bucks, neither the Subject, nor the Manner in which it was treated, was altogether contemptible.

But there was ſtill another Motive which induced *Booth* to read the whole Letter; and this was, that he preſently thought he knew the Hand. He did indeed immediately conclude it was Dr. *Harriſon*; for the Doctor wrote a very remarkable one; and this Letter contained all the Particularities of the Doctor's Character.

He had juſt finiſhed a ſecond Reading of this Letter, when the Doctor himſelf entered the Room. The good Man was impatient to know the Succeſs of *Amelia*'s Stratagem; for he bore towards her all that Love which Eſteem can create in a good Mind, without the Aſſiſtance of thoſe ſelfiſh Conſiderations, from which the Love of Wives and Children may be ordinarily deduced. The latter of which Nature, by very ſubtle and refined Reaſoning, ſuggeſts to us to be Part of our dear ſelves; and the former, as long as they remain the Objects of our Liking, that ſame Nature is furniſhed with very plain and fertile Arguments,

guments, to recommend to our Affections, But to raiſe that Affection in the human Breaſt, which the Doctor had for *Amelia*, Nature is forced to uſe a kind of Logic, which is no more underſtood by a bad Man, than Sir *Iſaac Newton*'s Doctrine of Colours is by one born blind. And yet in reality it contains nothing more abſtruſe than this, That an Injury is the Object of Anger, Danger of Fear, and Praiſe of Vanity: For in the ſame ſimple Manner it may be aſſerted, that Goodneſs is the Object of Love.

The Doctor enquired immediately for his Child (for ſo he often called *Amelia*;) *Booth* anſwered that he had left her aſleep; for that ſhe had had but a reſtleſs Night. 'I hope ſhe is 'not diſordered by the Maſquerade,' cries the Doctor. *Booth* anſwered, he believed ſhe would be very well when ſhe waked. 'I fancy,' ſaid he, 'her gentle Spirits were 'a little too much fluttered laſt Night; 'that is all.'

'I hope then,' ſaid the Doctor, 'you 'will never more inſiſt on her going to 'ſuch Places, but know your own Happineſs in having a Wife that hath the 'Diſcretion to avoid thoſe Places; which, 'though

'though perhaps they may not be as some 'represent them, such Brothels of Vice 'and Debauchery, as would impeach the 'Character of every virtuous Woman who 'was seen at them, are certainly however 'Scenes of Riot, Disorder, and Intemperance, very improper to be frequented 'by a chaste and sober Christian Matron.'

Booth declared, that he was very sensible of his Error; and that so far from soliciting his Wife to go to another Masquerade, he did not intend ever to go thither any more himself.

The Doctor highly approved the Resolution; and then *Booth* said: 'And I 'thank you, my dear Friend, as well as 'my Wife's Discretion, that she was not 'at the Masquerade last Night.' He then related to the Doctor the Discovery of the Plot; and the good Man was greatly pleased with the Success of the Stratagem, and that *Booth* took it in such good Part.

'But, Sir,' says *Booth*, 'I had a Letter 'given me by a noble Colonel there, which 'is written in a Hand so very like yours, 'that I could almost swear to it. Nor is 'the Stile, as far as I can guess, unlike 'your

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'your own. Here it is, Sir. Do you own 'the Letter, Doctor, or do you not?'

The Doctor took the Letter, and having looked at it a Moment, said—'And 'did the Colonel himself give you this 'Letter?'

'The Colonel himself,' answered *Booth*.

'Why then,' cries the Doctor, 'he is 'surely the most impudent Fellow that 'the World ever produced. What did he 'deliver it with an Air of Triumph?'

'He delivered it me with Air enough,' cries *Booth*, 'after his own Manner, and 'bid me read it for my Edification. To 'say the Truth, I am a little surprised 'that he should single me out of all Mankind to deliver the Letter to; I do not 'think I deserve the Character of such a 'Husband. It is well I am not so very 'forward to take an Affront as some 'Folks.'

'I am glad to see you are not,' said the Doctor; 'and your Behaviour in this Af'fair becomes both the Man of Sense and 'the Christian: For it would be surely the 'greatest

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'greateſt Folly, as well as the moſt daring 'Impiety, to riſque your own Life for 'the Impertinence of a Fool. As long as 'you are aſſured of the Virtue of your 'own Wife, it is Wiſdom in you to de-'ſpiſe the Efforts of ſuch a Wretch. Not 'indeed that your Wife accuſes him of any 'downright Attack, though ſhe hath ob-'ſerved enough in his Behaviour to give 'Offence to her Delicacy.'

'You aſtoniſh me, Doctor,' ſaid *Booth*. 'What can you mean? My Wife diſlike 'his Behaviour! Hath the Colonel ever 'offended her?'

'I do not ſay he hath ever offended her 'by any open Declarations.—Nor hath he 'done any Thing which, according to the 'moſt romantic Notion of Honour, you can 'or ought to reſent; but there is ſomething 'extremely nice in the Chaſtity of a truly 'virtuous Woman.'

'And hath my Wife really complained 'of any Thing of that kind in the Co-'lonel?'

'Look ye, young Gentleman,' cries the Doctor, 'I will have no quarrelling, or 'chal-

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'challenging; I find I have made ſome 'Miſtake, and therefore I inſiſt upon it, 'by all the Rights of Friendſhip, that you 'give me your Word of Honour you will 'not quarrel with the Colonel on this Ac-'count.'

'I do with all my Heart,' ſaid *Booth*; 'for if I did not know your Character, I 'ſhould abſolutely think you was jeſting 'with me. I do not think you have miſ-'taken my Wife; but I am ſure ſhe hath 'miſtaken the Colonel; and hath miſcon-'ſtrued ſome overſtrained Point of Gal-'lantry, ſomething of the Quixotte Kind, 'into a Deſign againſt her Chaſtity; but 'I have that Opinion of the Colonel, that 'I hope you will not be offended, when I 'declare I know not which of you two I 'ſhould be the ſooner jealous of.'

'I would by no Means have you jealous 'of any one,' cries the Doctor; 'for I 'think my Child's Virtue may be firmly 'relied on; but I am convinced ſhe would 'not have ſaid what ſhe did to me, with-'out a Cauſe; nor ſhould I, without ſuch 'a Conviction, have written that Letter to 'the Colonel, as I own to you I did. 'However, nothing I ſay hath yet paſt

'which,

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'which, even in the Opinion of falſe Honour, you are at Liberty to reſent; but 'as to declining any great Intimacy, if you 'will take my Advice, I think that would 'be prudent.'

'You will pardon me, my deareſt Friend,' ſaid *Booth*; 'but I have really ſuch an 'Opinion of the Colonel, that I would pawn 'my Life upon his Honour; and as for 'Women, I do not believe he ever had 'an Attachment to any.'

'Be it ſo,' ſaid the Doctor. 'I have 'only two Things to inſiſt on. The firſt 'is, that if ever you change your Opini'on, this Letter may not be the Subject of 'any Quarrelling or Fighting: The other 'is, that you never mention a Word of 'this to your Wife. By the latter I ſhall 'ſee whether you can keep a Secret; and 'if it is no otherwiſe material, it will be a 'wholeſome Exerciſe to your Mind; for the 'Practice of any Virtue is a kind of men'tal Exerciſe, and ſerves to maintain the 'Health and Vigour of the Soul.'

'I faithfully promiſe both,' cries *Booth*. And now the Breakfaſt entered the Room, as did ſoon after *Amelia*, and Mrs. *Atkinſon*.

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The Converſation ran chiefly on the Maſquerade; and Mrs. *Atkinſon* gave an Account of ſeveral Adventures there; but whether ſhe told the whole Truth with regard to herſelf, I will not determine. For certain it is, ſhe never once mentioned the Name of the noble Peer. Amongſt the reſt, ſhe ſaid there was a young Fellow that had preached a Sermon there upon a Stool, in Praiſe of Adultery ſhe believed; for ſhe could not get near enough to hear the Particulars.

During that Tranſaction, *Booth* had been engaged with the blue Domino in another Room, ſo that he knew nothing of it; ſo that what Mrs. *Atkinſon* now ſaid, only brought to his Mind the Doctor's Letter to Colonel *Bath*; for to him he ſuppoſed it was written; and the Idea of the Colonel being a Lover to *Amelia* ſtruck him in ſo ridiculous a Light, that it threw him into a violent Fit of Laughter.

The Doctor, who, from the natural Jealouſy of an Author, imputed the Agitation of *Booth*'s Muſcles to his own Sermon, or Letter on that Subject, was a little offended, and ſaid gravely: 'I ſhould be glad to 'know

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'know the Reaſon of this immoderate 'Mirth. Is Adultery a Matter of Jeſt 'in your Opinion?

'Far otherwiſe,' anſwer'd *Booth*. 'But 'how is it poſſible to refrain from Laugh-'ter at the Idea of a Fellow preaching a 'Sermon in Favour of it at ſuch a Place.

'I am very ſorry,' cries the Doctor, 'to 'find the Age is grown to ſo ſcandalous a 'Degree of Licentiouſneſs; that we have 'thrown off not only Virtue, but Decency. 'How abandoned muſt be the Manners of 'any Nation where ſuch Inſults upon Re-'ligion and Morality can be committed 'with Impunity? No Man is fonder of true 'Wit and Humour than myſelf; but to 'profane ſacred Things with Jeſt and 'Scoffing is a ſure Sign of a weak and a 'wicked Mind. It is the very Vice which 'Homer attacks in the odious Character 'of *Therſites*. The Ladies muſt excuſe 'my repeating the Paſſage to you, as I 'know you have *Greek* enough to under-'ſtand it.

—Ἔπεα Φρεσὶν ἦσιν ἄκοσμά τε, πολλά τε ἦδη,
Μάψ, ἀτὰρ ἐ κατὰ κόσμον ἐριζέμεναι βασιλεῦ-
σιν,

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Ἀλλ' ὅ τι οἱ εἴσχυτο γελοίϊον Ἀργείοισιν
Ἔμμεναι *.

And immediately adds,

' ——Αἴσχιστος δὲ ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθε †.

' *Horace* again deſcribes ſuch a Raſcal.

' ——————————*Solutos*
' *Qui captat riſus hominum famamque dicacis* §.

' And ſays of him,

' —*Hic niger eſt, hunc tu, Romane, caveto* ‖.

' O charming *Homer*,' ſaid Mrs. *Atkinſon*, ' how much above all other Writers!

' I aſk your Pardon,' Madam, ſaid the

* Thus paraphraſed by Mr. *Pope*.
Aw'd by no Shame, by no Reſpect controll'd,
In Scandal buſy, in Reproaches bold:
With witty Malice ſtudious to defame,
Scorn all his Joy, and Laughter all his Aim.

† ' *He was the greateſt Scoundrel in the whole Army.*'

§ *Who trivial Burſts of Laughter ſtrives to raiſe,*
And Courts of prating Petulance the Praiſe.
FRANCIS.

‖ *This Man is black, do thou, O Roman, ſhun this Man.*

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Doctor, 'I forgot you was a Scholar; but 'indeed I did not know you underſtood 'Greek as well as *Latin*.

'I do not pretend,' ſaid ſhe, 'to be a 'Critic in the *Greek*; but I think I am 'able to read a little of *Homer*, at leaſt 'with the Help of looking now and then 'into the *Latin*.

'Pray, Madam,' ſaid the Doctor, 'how 'do you like this Paſſage in the Speech of '*Hector* to *Andromache*.

'——Εἰς οἶκον ἰοῦσα τὰ σαυτῆς ἔργα κόμιζε,
'Ἰστόν τ' ἠλακάτην τε, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι κέλευε
'Ἔργον ἐπουΐχεσθαι *.

'Or how do you like the Character of '*Hippodamia*, who, by being the prettieſt 'Girl, and beſt Workwoman of her Age, 'got one of the beſt Huſbands in all '*Troy*.——I think, indeed, *Homer* enume'rates her Diſcretion with her other Qua'lifications; but I do not remember he 'gives us one Character of a Woman of 'Learning.——Don't you conceive this

* 'Go home and mind your own Buſineſs. Fol'low your Spinning, and keep your Maids to their 'Work.'

'to

'to be a great Omiſſion in that charming 'Poet? However, *Juvenal* makes you 'amends, for he talks very abundantly of 'the Learning of the *Roman* Ladies in his 'Time.'

'You are a provoking Man, Doctor,' ſaid Mrs. *Atkinſon*, 'Where is the Harm 'in a Woman's having Learning as well 'as a Man?'

'Let me aſk you another Queſtion,' ſaid the Doctor. 'Where is the Harm in a 'Man's being a fine Performer with a 'Needle as well as a Woman? And yet, 'anſwer me honeſtly, Would you greatly 'chuſe to marry a Man with a Thimble 'upon his Finger? Would you in earneſt 'think a Needle became the Hand of 'your Huſband as well as a Halberd?'

'As to War, I am with you,' ſaid ſhe. '*Homer* himſelf, I well remember, makes '*Hector* tell his Wife, that warlike Works '——What is the *Greek* Word——*Pol-* '*lemy*——ſomething——belonged to Men 'only; and I readily agree to it. I hate 'a maſculine Woman, an Amazon, as 'much as you can do; but what is there 'maſculine in Learning?'

'Nothing

'Nothing ſo maſculine, take my Word 'for it. As for your *Ptolemy*, I look 'upon it to be the true Characteriſtic of 'a Devil. So *Homer* every where cha-'racterizes *Mars*.

'Indeed, my dear,' cries the Serjeant, 'you had better not diſpute with the 'Doctor; for upon my Word, he will be 'too hard for you.

'Nay, I beg *you* will not interfere,' cries Mrs. *Atkinſon*, 'I am ſure *you* can be 'no judge in theſe Matters.'

At which the Doctor and *Booth* burſt into a loud Laugh; and *Amelia*, though fearful of giving her Friend Offence, could not forbear a gentle Smile.

'You may laugh, Gentlemen, if you 'pleaſe,' ſaid Mrs. *Atkinſon*; 'but I thank 'Heaven, I have married a Man who is 'not jealous of my Underſtanding. I 'ſhould have been the moſt miſerable 'Woman upon Earth with a ſtarched Pe-'dant, who was poſſeſſed of that nonſen-'ſical Opinion, that the Difference of Sexes 'cauſes any Difference in the Mind. Why

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'don't you honeſtly avow the *Turkiſh* No-
'tion, that Women have no Souls; for
'you ſay the ſame thing in Effect?

'Indeed, my dear,' cries the Serjeant, greatly concerned to ſee his Wife ſo angry, 'you have miſtaken the Doctor.

'I beg, my dear,' cried ſhe, '*you* will 'ſay nothing upon theſe Subjects.—I hope '*you* at leaſt do not deſpiſe my Under-'ſtanding.

'I aſſure you, I do not,' ſaid the Serjeant, 'and I hope you will never de-'ſpiſe mine; for a Man may have ſome 'Underſtanding, I hope, without Learn-'ing.'

Mrs. *Atkinſon* reddened extremely at theſe Words; and the Doctor fearing he had gone too far began to ſoften Matters, in which *Amelia* aſſiſted him. By theſe Means the Storm riſing in Mrs. *Atkinſon* before was in ſome meaſure laid, at leaſt ſuſpended from burſting at preſent; but it fell afterwards upon the poor Serjeant's Head in a Torrent; who had learn'd perhaps one Maxim from his Trade, that a Cannon-Ball always doth Miſchief in proportion

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portion to the Reſiſtance it meets with; and that nothing ſo effectually deadens its Force as a Wool-pack. The Serjeant therefore bore all with Patience; and the Idea of a Wool-pack perhaps bringing that of a Featherbed into his Head, he at laſt not only quieted his Wife; but ſhe cried out with great Sincerity, 'Well, my dear, I 'will ſay one thing for you, that I believe 'from my Soul, though you have no 'Learning, you have the beſt Underſtand-'ing of any Man upon Earth; and I muſt 'own I think the latter far the more pro-'fitable of the two.'

Far different was the Idea ſhe entertained of the Doctor, whom, from this Day, ſhe conſidered as a conceited Pedant, nor could all *Amelia*'s Endeavours ever alter her Sentiments.

The Doctor now took his Leave of *Booth* and his Wife for a Week, he intending to ſet out within an Hour or two with his old Friend, with whom our Readers were a little acquainted at the latter End of the Ninth Book, and of whom perhaps they did not then conceive the moſt favourable Opinion.

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Nay I am aware that the Eſteem which ſome Readers before had for the Doctor, may be here leſſened; ſince he may appear to have been too eaſy a Dupe to the groſs Flattery of the old Gentleman. If there be any ſuch Critics, we are heartily ſorry as well for them as for the Doctor; but it is our Buſineſs to diſcharge the Part of a faithful Hiſtorian, and to deſcribe Human Nature as it is, not as we would wiſh it to be.

CHAP. V.

In which Colonel Bath *appears in great Glory.*

THAT Afternoon, as *Booth* was walking in the Park, he met with Colonel *Bath*, who preſently aſked him for the Letter which he had given him the Night before, upon which *Booth* immediately returned it.

'Don't you think,' cries *Bath*, 'it is 'writ with great Dignity of Expreſſion 'and Emphaſis of—of—of Judgment?

'I am ſurpriſed though,' cries *Booth*, 'that any one ſhould write ſuch a Letter 'to you, Colonel.

'To

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'To me?' said *Bath*.—'What do you 'mean, Sir, I hope you don't imagine 'any Man durſt write ſuch a Letter to 'me? D——n me if I knew a Man who 'thought me capable of debauching my 'Friend's Wife, I would—— d—n me.

'I believe indeed Sir, cries *Booth*, that 'no Man living dares put his Name to 'ſuch a Letter: But you ſee it is *anonymous*.

I don't know what you mean by *ominous*,' cries the Colonel; 'but, blaſt my Reputation, if I had received ſuch a Letter, if 'I would not have ſearched the World to 'have found the Writer. D——n me, I 'would have gone to the *Eaſt Indies* to 'have pulled off his Noſe.

'He would indeed have deſerved it,' cries *Booth*.—'But pray, Sir, how came 'you by it?

'I took it,' ſaid the Colonel, 'from a 'Set of idle young Raſcals, one of whom 'was reading it out aloud upon a Stool, 'while the reſt were attempting to make 'a Jeſt, not only of the Letter, but of all

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'Decency, Virtue and Religion. A Set 'of Fellows that you muſt have ſeen or 'heard of about Town, that are, d—n me, 'a Diſgrace to the Dignity of Manhood; 'Puppies that miſtake Noiſe and Impu-'dence, Rudeneſs and Profaneneſs for 'Wit. If the Drummers of my Company 'had not more Underſtanding than twenty 'ſuch Fellows, I'd have them both whipt 'out of the Regiment.

'So then you do not know the Perſon 'to whom it was writ,' ſaid *Booth*.

'Lieutenant,' cries the Colonel, your 'Queſtion deſerves no Anſwer. I ought to 'take Time to conſider whether I ought 'not to reſent the Suppoſition. Do you 'think, Sir, I am acquainted with a 'Raſcal?

'I do not ſuppoſe, Colonel,' cries *Booth*. 'that you would willingly cultivate an In-'timacy with ſuch a Perſon; but a Man 'muſt have good Luck who hath any 'Acquaintance, if there are not ſome Raſ-'cals among them.

'I am not offended with you, Child,' ſays the Colonel. 'I know you did not 'intend to offend me. 'No

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'No Man, I believe, dares intend it,' ſaid *Booth*.

'I believe ſo too,' ſaid the Colonel, 'd—n 'me, I know it. But you know, Child, 'how tender I am on this Subject. If I 'had been ever married myſelf, I ſhould 'have cleft the Man's Scull who had dar'd 'look wantonly at my Wife.

'It is certainly the moſt cruel of all In-'juries,' ſaid *Booth*. 'How finely doth '*Shakeſpeare* expreſs it in his *Othello*!

'*But there, where I had treaſur'd up* '*my Soul.*

'That *Shakeſpeare*,' cries the Colonel, 'was a fine Fellow. He was a very pretty 'Poet indeed. Was it not *Shakeſpeare* that 'wrote the Play about *Hotſpur*? You 'muſt remember theſe Lines. I got them 'almoſt by Heart at the Play-Houſe; for 'I never miſſed that Play whenever it was 'acted, if I was in Town.

'*By Heav'n it was an eaſy Leap,*
'*To pluck bright Honour into the Full Moon.*
'*Or drive into the bottomleſs Deep.*

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'And—and—Faith I have almoſt forgot them; but I know it is ſomething about 'ſaving your Honour from drowning—— 'O it is very fine. I ſay, d——n me, 'the Man that writ thoſe Lines was the 'greateſt Poet the World ever produced. 'There is Dignity of Expreſſion and Em'phaſis of thinking, d——n me.'

Booth aſſented to the Colonel's Criticiſm, and then cried 'I wiſh, Colonel, you 'would be ſo kind to give me that Letter.' The Colonel anſwered, if he had any particular Uſe for it, he would give it him with all his Heart, and preſently delivered it; and ſoon afterwards they parted.

Several Paſſages now ſtruck all at once upon *Booth*'s Mind, which gave him great Uneaſineſs. He became confident now that he had miſtaken one Colonel for another; and though he could not account for the Letter's getting into thoſe Hands from whom *Bath* had taken it (indeed *James* had dropt it out of his Pocket) yet a thouſand Circumſtances left him no room to doubt the Identity of the Perſon, who was a Man much more liable to raiſe the Suſpicion of a Huſband than honeſt *Bath*, who would at any Time have rather

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ther fought with a Man than lain with a Woman.

The whole Behaviour of *Amelia* now ruſhed upon his Memory. Her Reſolution not to take up her Reſidence at the Colonel's Houſe; her Backwardneſs even to dine there, her Unwillingneſs to go to the Maſquerade, many of her unguarded Expreſſions, and ſome where ſhe had been more guarded, all joined together to raiſe ſuch an Idea in Mr. *Booth*, that he had almoſt taken a Reſolution to go and cut the Colonel to Pieces in his own Houſe. Cooler Thoughts, however, ſuggeſted themſelves to him in Time. He recollected the Promiſe he had ſo ſolemnly made to the Doctor. He conſidered moreover, that he was yet in the Dark, as to the Extent of the Colonel's Guilt. Having nothing therefore to fear from it, he contented himſelf to poſtpone a Reſentment which he nevertheleſs reſolved to take of the Colonel hereafter, if he found he was in any Degree a Delinquent.

The firſt Step he determined to take was, on the firſt Opportunity, to relate to Colonel *James* the Means by which he became poſſeſſed of the Letter, and to read

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it to him. On which Occaſion he thought he ſhould eaſily diſcern by the Behaviour of the Colonel, whether he had been ſuſpected either by *Amelia* or the Doctor without a Cauſe: But as for his Wife, he fully reſolved not to reveal the Secret to her till the Doctor's Return.

While *Booth* was deeply engaged by himſelf in theſe Meditations, Capt. *Trent* came up to him, and familiarly ſlapp'd him on the Shoulder.

They were ſoon joined by a third Gentleman, and preſently afterwards by a fourth, both Acquaintances of Mr. *Trent*; and all having walked twice the Length of the Mall together, it being now paſt Nine in the Evening, *Trent* propoſed going to the Tavern, to which the Strangers immediately conſented; and *Booth* himſelf, after ſome Reſiſtance, was at length perſuaded to comply.

To the *King's-Arms* then they went, where the Bottle went very briſkly round till after Eleven; at which Time *Trent* propoſed a Game at Cards, to which Propoſal likewiſe *Booth*'s Conſent was obtain'd, though not without much Difficulty; for though

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though he had naturally ſome Inclination to Gaming, and had formerly a little indulged it; yet he had entirely left it off for many Years.

Booth and his Friend were Partners, and had at firſt ſome Succeſs; but *Fortune*, according to her uſual Conduct, ſoon ſhifted about, and perſecuted *Booth* with ſuch Malice, that in about two Hours he was ſtrip'd of all the Gold in his Pocket, which amounted to twelve Guineas, being more than half the Caſh which he was at that Time worth.

How eaſy it is for a Man who is at all tainted with the Itch of Gaming, to leave off Play in ſuch a Situation, eſpecially when he is likewiſe heated with Liquor, I leave to the Gameſters to determine. Certain it is, that *Booth* had no Inclination to deſiſt; but, on the contrary, was ſo eagerly bent on playing on, that he called his Friend out of the Room, and aſked him for ten Pieces, which he promiſed punctually to pay the next Morning.

Trent chid him for uſing ſo much Formality on the Occaſion. 'You know,'

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'said he, 'dear *Booth*, you may have what 'Money you please of me. Here is a 20*l.* 'Note, at your Service, and if you want 'five times the Sum, it is at your Service. 'We will never let these Fellows go away 'with our Money in this manner; for we 'have so much the Advantage, that if 'the knowing ones were here, they would 'lay odds of our Side.

But if this was really Mr. *Trent*'s Opinion, he was very much mistaken; for the other two honourable Gentlemen were not only greater Masters of the Game, and somewhat soberer than poor *Booth*, having with all the Art in their Power evaded the Bottle; but they had moreover another small Advantage over their Adversaries, both of them, by means of some certain private Signs, previously agreed upon between them, being always acquainted with the principal Cards in each other's Hands. It cannot be wonder'd therefore, that Fortune was on their Side; for however she may be reported to favour Fools, she never I believe shews them any Countenance when they engage in Play with Knaves.

The

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The more *Booth* loſt, the deeper he made his Bets; the Conſequence of which was, that about two in the Morning, beſides the Loſs of his own Money, he was 50*l.* indebted to *Trent*. A Sum indeed which he would not have borrowed, had not the other, like a very generous Friend, puſh'd it upon him.

Trent's Pockets became at laſt dry, by means of theſe Loans. His own Loſs indeed was trifling; for the Stakes of the Games were no higher than Crowns; and betting, (as it is called) was that to which *Booth* owed his Ruin. The Gentlemen therefore, pretty well knowing *Booth's* Circumſtances, and being kindly unwilling to win more of a Man than he was worth, declined playing any longer, nor did *Booth* once aſk them to perſiſt; for he was aſhamed of the Debt which he had already contracted to *Trent*, and very far from deſiring to encreaſe it.

The Company then ſeparated. The two Victors and *Trent* went off in their Chairs to their ſeveral Houſes near *Groſvenor-Square*; and poor *Booth*, in a melancholy Mood, walk'd home to his Lodgings. He was

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indeed in ſuch a Fit of Deſpair, that it more than once came into his Head to put an End to his miſerable Being.

But before we introduce him to *Amelia*, we muſt do her the Juſtice to relate the manner in which ſhe ſpent this unhappy Evening. It was about ſeven when *Booth* left her to walk in the Park: From this Time till paſt Eight ſhe was employ'd with her Children, in playing with them, in giving them their Supper, and in putting them to Bed.

When theſe Offices were performed, ſhe employ'd herſelf another Hour in cooking up a little Supper for her Huſband, this being, as we have already obſerved, his favourite Meal, as indeed it was hers; and in a moſt pleaſant and delightful Manner they generally paſſed their Time at this Seaſon, though their Fare was very ſeldom of the ſumptuous Kind.

It now grew dark, and her haſhed Mutton was ready for the Table, but no *Booth* appear'd. Having waited therefore for him a full Hour, ſhe gave him over for that Evening; nor was ſhe much alarmed at his Abſence, as ſhe knew he was in a Night or

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or two to be at the Tavern with ſome Brother Officers. She concluded therefore that they had met in the Park, and had agreed to ſpend this Evening together.

At Ten then ſhe ſat down to Supper by herſelf; for Mrs. *Atkinſon* was then abroad. And here we cannot help relating a little Incident, however trivial it may appear to ſome. Having ſat ſome Time alone reflecting on their diſtreſs'd Situation, her Spirits grew very low; and ſhe was once or twice going to ring the Bell to ſend her Maid for half a Pint of White-wine, but check'd her Inclination in order to ſave the little Sum of Sixpence; which ſhe did the more reſolutely as ſhe had before refuſed to gratify her Children with Tarts for their Supper from the ſame Motive. And this Self-denial ſhe was very probably practiſing to ſave Sixpence, while her Huſband was paying a Debt of ſeveral Guineas incurred by the Ace of Trumps being in the Hands of his Adverſary.

Inſtead therefore of this Cordial ſhe took up one of the excellent *Farquhar*'s Comedies, and read it half through, when the Clock ſtriking Twelve, ſhe retired to Bed, leaving the Maid to ſit up for her Maſter.

She

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She would indeed have much more willingly have sat up herself; but the Delicacy of her own Mind assured her that *Booth* would not thank her for the Compliment. This is indeed a Method which some Wives take of upbraiding their Husbands for staying abroad till too late an Hour, and of engaging them, thro' Tenderness and Good-nature never to enjoy the Company of their Friends too long, when they must do this at the Expence of their Wives Rest.

To Bed then she went, but not to sleep. Thrice indeed she told the dismal Clock, and as often heard the more dismal Watchman, till her miserable Husband found his Way home, and stole silently, like a Thief, to Bed to her; at which Time pretending then first to awake she threw her snowy Arms around him; though, perhaps, the more witty Property of Snow, according to *Addison*, that is to say, its Coldness, rather belonged to the poor Captain.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VI.

Read, Gameſter, and obſerve.

BOOTH could not ſo well diſguiſe the Agitations of his Mind from *Amelia*, but that ſhe perceived ſufficient Symptoms to aſſure her that ſome Misfortune had befallen him. This made her in her Turn ſo uneaſy, that *Booth* took Notice of it, and after Breakfaſt ſaid, 'Sure, my dear *Emily*, ſomething hath fallen out to vex 'you.'

Amelia looking tenderly at him anſwered, 'Indeed, my Dear, you are in the right. 'I am indeed extremely vexed.' 'For 'Heaven's Sake,' ſaid he, 'what is it?' 'Nay, my Love,' cries ſhe, 'that you 'muſt anſwer yourſelf. Whatever it is 'which hath given you all that Diſturbance 'that you in vain endeavour to conceal 'from me, this it is which cauſes all my 'Affliction.'

'You gueſs truly, my Sweet,' replied *Booth*; 'I am indeed afflicted, and I will 'not, nay I cannot conceal the Truth from 'you. I have undone myſelf, *Amelia*.'

What

'What have you done, Child?' ſaid ſhe, in ſome Conſternation, 'pray tell me.'

'I have loſt my Money at Play,' anſwered he.

'Pugh!' ſaid ſhe, recovering herſelf,—'what ſignifies the Trifle you had in your 'Pocket? Reſolve never to play again, 'and let it give you no further Vexation. 'I warrant you we will contrive ſome 'Method to repair ſuch a Loſs.'

'Thou heavenly Angel, thou Comfort 'of my Soul,' cried *Booth* tenderly embracing her—Then ſtarting a little from her Arms, and looking with eager Fondneſs in her Eyes, he ſaid, 'Let me ſurvey 'thee, art thou really human, or art thou 'not rather an angel in a human Form? '——O, no,' cried he, flying again into 'her Arms, 'thou art my deareſt Wo-'man, my beſt, my beloved Wife.'

Amelia having returned all his Careſſes with equal Kindneſs told him ſhe had near eleven Guineas in her Purſe, and aſked how much ſhe ſhould fetch him.—'I would 'not adviſe you, *Billy*, to carry too much 'in

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'in your Pocket, for fear it ſhould be a 'Temptation to you to return to Gaming, 'in order to retrieve your paſt Loſſes. 'Let me beg you, on all Accounts, never 'to think more, if poſſible, on the Trifle 'you have loſt, any more than if you had 'never poſſeſſed it.'

Booth promiſed her faithfully he never would, and refuſed to take any of the money. He then heſitated a Moment—and cried—'You ſay, my Dear, you have eleven Guineas; you have a Diamond Ring 'likewiſe, which was your Grandmother's, 'I believe that is worth twenty Pound; 'and your own and the Child's Watch 'are worth as much more.'

'I believe they would ſell for as much,' cried *Amelia*; 'for a Pawnbroker of Mrs. *Atkinſon*'s Acquaintance offered to lend 'me thirty-five Pounds upon them, when 'you was in your laſt Diſtreſs.—But why 'are you computing their Value now?'

'I was only conſidering,' anſwered he, 'how much we could raiſe in any Caſe of 'Exigency.'

'I

'I have computed it myſelf,' ſaid ſhe; 'and I believe all we have in the World, 'beſides our bare neceſſary Apparel, would 'produce about ſixty Pounds: And ſup-'poſe, my Dear,' ſaid ſhe, 'while we 'have that little Sum, we ſhould think of 'employing it ſome Way or other to pro-'cure ſome ſmall Subſiſtence for ourſelves 'and our Family. As for your Depend-'ance on the Colonel's Friendſhip, it is 'all vain, I am afraid, and fallacious. 'Nor do I ſee any Hopes you have from 'any other Quarter, of providing for 'yourſelf again in the Army. And though 'the Sum which is now in our Power is 'very ſmall; yet we may poſſibly contrive 'with it to put ourſelves into ſome mean 'Way of Livelihood. I have a Heart, 'my *Billy*, which is capable of undergo-'ing any Thing for your Sake; and I hope 'my Hands are as able to work, as thoſe 'which have been more inured to it. But 'think, my Dear, think what muſt be 'our wretched Condition, when the very 'little we now have, is all moulder'd away, 'as it will ſoon be in this Town.'

When poor *Booth* heard this, and re-flected that the Time which *Amelia* foreſaw was

was already arrived (for that he had already loſt every Farthing they were worth) it touched him to the Quick; he turned pale, gnaſhed his Teeth, and cried out, 'Damnation! this is too much to bear.'

Amelia was thrown into the utmoſt Conſternation by this Behaviour, and with great Terror in her Countenance cried out, 'Good Heavens, my dear Love, what is 'the Reaſon of this Agony?'

'Aſk me no Queſtions,' cried he, 'unleſs you would drive me to Madneſs.'

'My *Billy*, my Love,' ſaid ſhe, 'what 'can be the Meaning of this?—I beg you 'will deal openly with me, and tell me 'all your Griefs.'

'Have you dealt fairly with me, *Amelia*?' ſaid he.

'Yes ſurely,' ſaid ſhe, 'Heaven is my 'Witneſs how fairly.'

'Nay, do not call Heaven,' cried he, 'to witneſs a Falſhood. You have not 'dealt openly with me, *Amelia*. You have 'concealed Secrets from me; Secrets which

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'I ought to have known, and which if I 'had known, it had been better for us 'both.'

'You aſtoniſh me, as much as you 'ſhock me,' cried ſhe. 'What Falſhood, 'what Treachery have I been guilty of?'

'You tell me,' ſaid he, 'that I can 'have no Reliance on *James*, why did you 'not tell me ſo before?'

'I call Heaven again,' ſaid ſhe, 'to 'witneſs; nay I appeal to yourſelf for the 'Truth of it; I have often told you ſo. 'I have told you I diſliked the Man, not-'withſtanding the many Favours he had 'done you. I deſired you not to have too 'abſolute a Reliance upon him. I own I 'had once an extreme good Opinion of 'him, but I changed it, and I acquainted 'you that I had ſo——

'But not,' cries he, 'with the Reaſons 'why you had changed it.'

'I was really afraid, my Dear,' ſaid ſhe, 'of going too far. I knew the Obligati-'ons you had to him; and if I ſuſpected 'that he acted rather from Vanity than 'true Friendſhip—— 'Va-

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'Vanity!' cries he, 'take Care, *Amelia*, 'you know his Motive to be much worſe 'than Vanity—A Motive, which if he had 'piled Obligations on me 'till they had 'reached the Skies, would tumble all down 'to Hell. It is in vain to conceal it lon-'ger—I know all—your Confident hath 'told me all.'

'Nay then,' cries ſhe, 'on my Knees 'I entreat you to be pacified, and hear me 'out. It was, my Dear, for you, my 'dread of your jealous Honour, and the 'fatal Conſequences.'

'Is not *Amelia* then,' cried he, 'equally 'jealous of my Honour! Would ſhe, 'from a weak Tenderneſs for my Perſon, 'go privately about to betray, to under-'mine the moſt invaluable Treaſure of my 'Soul? Would ſhe have me pointed at as 'the credulous Dupe, the eaſy Fool, the 'tame, the kind Cuckold of a Raſcal, 'with whom I converſed as a Friend?'

'Indeed you injure me,' ſaid *Amelia*. 'Heaven forbid I ſhould have the Trial; 'but I think I could ſacrifice all I hold 'moſt dear to preſerve your Honour. I

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'think I have ſhewn I can. But I will—
'when you are cool, I will—ſatisfy you I
'have done nothing you ought to blame.'

'I am cool then,' cries he—'I will with
'the greateſt Coolneſs hear you.—But do
'not think, *Amelia*, I have the leaſt Jea-
'louſy, the leaſt Suſpicion, the leaſt Doubt
'of your Honour. It is your Want of Con-
'fidence in me alone which I blame.'

'When you are calm,' cried ſhe, 'I
'will ſpeak, and not before.'

He aſſured her he was calm; and then ſhe ſaid—'You have juſtified my Conduct
'by your preſent Paſſion, in concealing
'from you my Suſpicions; for they were
'no more; nay it is poſſible they were un-
'juſt: For ſince the Doctor, in betraying
'the Secret to you, hath ſo far falſified my
'Opinion of him, why may I not be as
'well deceived in my Opinion of the Co-
'lonel; ſince it was only formed on ſome
'Particulars in his Behaviour, which I diſ-
'liked? for upon my Honour he never
'ſpoke a Word to me, nor hath been ever
'guilty of any direct Action which I could
'blame.' She then went on, and related moſt of the Circumſtances which ſhe had men-

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mentioned to the Doctor, omitting one or two of the ſtrongeſt, and giving ſuch a Turn to the reſt, that if *Booth* had not had ſome of *Othello*'s Blood in him, his Wife would have almoſt appeared a Prude in his Eyes. Even he, however, was pretty well pacified by this Narrative, and ſaid he was glad to find a Poſſibility of the Colonel's Innocence, but that he greatly commended the Prudence of his Wife, and only wiſhed ſhe would for the future make him her only Confident.

Amelia upon that expreſſed ſome Bitterneſs againſt the Doctor for breaking his Truſt, when *Booth* in his Excuſe related all the Circumſtances of the Letter, and plainly convinced her, that the Secret had dropt by mere Accident from the Mouth of the Doctor.

Thus the Huſband and Wife became again reconciled, and poor *Amelia* generouſly forgave a Paſſion, of which the ſagacious Reader is better acquainted with the real Cauſe, than was that unhappy Lady.

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CHAP. VII.

In which Booth *receives a Visit from Captain* Trent.

WHEN *Booth* grew perfectly cool, and began to reflect that he had broken his Word to the Doctor, in having made the Discovery to his Wife, which we have seen in the last Chapter, that Thought gave him great Uneasiness; and now to comfort him, Captain *Trent* came to make him a Visit. This was indeed almost the last Man in the World, whose Company he wished for; for he was the only Man he was ashamed to see, for a Reason well known to Gamesters; among whom the most dishonourable of all Things, is not to pay a Debt, contracted at the Gaming-Table, the next Day, or the next Time at least that you see the Party.

Booth made no Doubt, but that *Trent* was come on Purpose to receive this Debt; the latter had been therefore scarce a Minute in the Room, before *Booth* began, in an aukward Manner, to apologize; but *Trent* immediately stopt his Mouth, and said, 'I do not want the Money, Mr.

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'*Booth*, and you may pay it me whenever 'you are able; and if you are never able, 'I assure you I will never ask you for it.'

This Generosity raised such a Tempest of Gratitude in *Booth* (if I may be allowed the Expression) that the Tears burst from his Eyes, and it was some Time before he could find any Utterance for those Sentiments with which his Mind overflowed; but when he began to express his Thankfulness, *Trent* immediately stopt him, and gave a sudden Turn to their Discourse.

Mrs. *Trent* had been to visit Mrs. *Booth* on the Masquerade Evening, which Visit Mrs. *Booth* had not yet returned. Indeed this was only the second Day since she had received it. *Trent* therefore now told his Friend, that he should take it extremely kind if he and his Lady would wave all Ceremony, and sup at their House the next Evening. *Booth* hesitated a Moment—but presently said, 'I am pretty certain my 'Wife is not engaged, and I will undertake 'for her. I am sure she will not refuse 'any Thing Mr. *Trent* can ask.' And soon after *Trent* took *Booth* with him to walk in the *Park*.

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There were few greater Lovers of a Bottle than *Trent*; he ſoon propoſed therefore to adjourn to the *King*'s *Arms* Tavern, where *Booth*, though much againſt his Inclination, accompanied him. But *Trent* was very importunate, and *Booth* did not think himſelf at Liberty to refuſe ſuch a Requeſt to a Man, from whom he had ſo lately received ſuch Obligations.

When they came to the Tavern, however, *Booth* recollected the Omiſſion he had been guilty of the Night before. He wrote a ſhort Note therefore to his Wife, acquainting her that he ſhould not come home to Supper; but comforted her with a faithful Promiſe that he would on no Account engage himſelf in Gaming.

The firſt Bottle paſt in ordinary Converſation; but when they had tapped the ſecond, *Booth*, on ſome Hints which *Trent* gave him, very fairly laid open to him his whole Circumſtances, and declared he almoſt deſpaired of mending them. 'My 'chief Relief,' ſaid he, 'was in the Intereſt 'of Colonel *James*; but I have given up 'thoſe Hopes.'

'And

'And very wisely too,' said *Trent*. 'I 'say nothing of the Colonel's good Will. 'Very likely he may be your sincere 'Friend; but I do not believe he hath the 'Interest he pretends to. He hath had 'too many Favours in his own Family, to 'ask any more yet a while. But I am 'mistaken, if you have not a much more 'powerful Friend than the Colonel; one 'who is both able and willing to serve you. 'I dined at his Table within these two 'Days, and I never heard kinder nor 'warmer Expressions from the Mouth of 'Man, than he made use of towards you. 'I make no Doubt you know whom I 'mean.'

'Upon my Honour I do not,' answered *Booth*; 'nor did I guess that I had such a 'Friend in the World as you mention.'

'I am glad then,' cries *Trent*, 'that I 'have the Pleasure of informing you of it.' He then named the noble Peer, who hath been already so often mentioned in this History.

Booth turned pale and started at his Name. 'I forgive you, my dear *Trent*,'

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cries *Booth*, 'for mentioning his Name to 'me, as you are a Stranger to what hath 'paſt between us.'

'Nay, I know nothing that hath paſt 'between you,' anſwered *Trent*. 'I am 'ſure if there is any Quarrel between you 'of two Days ſtanding, all is forgiven on 'his Part.'

'D——n his Forgiveneſs,' ſaid *Booth*. 'Perhaps I ought to bluſh at what I have 'forgiven.'

'You ſurpriſe me,' cries *Trent*. 'Pray 'what can be the Matter?'

'Indeed, my dear *Trent*,' cries *Booth* very gravely, 'he would have injured me 'in the tendereſt Part. I know not how 'to tell it you; but he would have diſ-'honoured me with my Wife.'

'Sure you are not in Earneſt,' anſwered *Trent*; 'but if you are, you will pardon 'me for thinking that impoſſible.'

'Indeed,' cries *Booth*, 'I have ſo good 'an Opinion of my Wife, as to believe it 'impoſſible for him to ſucceed; but that 'he

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'he ſhould intend me the Favour you will 'not, I believe, think an Impoſſibility.'

'Faith! not in the leaſt,' ſaid *Trent*. 'Mrs. *Booth* is a very fine Woman; and 'if I had the Honour to be her Huſband, 'I ſhould not be angry with any Man for 'liking her.'

'But you would be angry,' ſaid *Booth*, 'with a Man, who ſhould make uſe of 'Stratagems and Contrivances to ſeduce 'her Virtue; eſpecially if he did this un-'der the Colour of entertaining the higheſt 'Friendſhip for yourſelf.'

'Not at all,' cries *Trent*. 'It is Hu-'man Nature.'

'Perhaps it is,' cries *Booth*; 'but it 'is Human Nature depraved, ſtript of all 'its Worth, and Lovelineſs and Dignity, 'and degraded down to a Level with the 'vileſt Brutes.'

'Look ye, *Booth*,' cries *Trent*, 'I would 'not be miſunderſtood. I think, when I 'am talking to you, I talk to a Man of 'Senſe, and to an Inhabitant of this Coun-'try; not to one who dwells in a Land

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'of Saints. If you have really ſuch an 'Opinion as you expreſs of this noble 'Lord, you have the fineſt Opportunity 'of making a complete Fool and Bubble 'of him that any Man can deſire, and of 'making your own Fortune at the ſame 'Time. I do not ſay that your Suſpicions 'are groundleſs; for of all Men upon 'Earth I know, my Lord is the greateſt 'Bubble to Women, though I believe he 'hath had very few. And this I am con-'fident of, that he hath not the leaſt 'Jealouſy of theſe Suſpicions. Now, there-'fore, if you will act the Part of a wiſe 'Man, I will undertake that you ſhall 'make your Fortune without the leaſt In-'jury to the Chaſtity of Mrs. *Booth*.'

'I do not underſtand you, Sir,' ſaid *Booth*.

'Nay,' cries *Trent*, 'if you will not 'underſtand me I have done. I meant 'only your Service; and I thought I had 'known you better.'

Booth begged him to explain himſelf. 'If 'you can, ſaid he, ſhew me any Way to im-'prove ſuch Circumſtances as I have opened 'to you, you may depend on it I ſhall rea-'dily

'dily embrace it, and own my Obligati-
'ons to you.'

'That is ſpoken like a Man,' cries *Trent*. 'Why what is it more than this? 'Carry your Suſpicions in your own Bo-'ſom. Let Mrs. *Booth*, in whoſe Virtue 'I am ſure you may be juſtly confident, 'go to the public Places; there let her 'treat my Lord with common Civility 'only; I am ſure he will bite. And thus 'without ſuffering him to gain his Pur-'poſe, you will gain yours. I know ſe-'veral who have ſucceeded with him in 'this Manner.'

'I am very ſorry, Sir,' cries *Booth*, 'that you are acquainted with any ſuch 'Raſcals. I do aſſure you, rather than I 'would act ſuch a Part I would ſubmit to 'the hardeſt Sentence that Fortune could 'pronounce againſt me.'

'Do as you pleaſe, Sir,' ſaid *Trent*; 'I 'have only ventured to adviſe you as a 'Friend. But do you not think your 'Nicety is a little over ſcrupulous?'

'You will excuſe me, Sir,' ſaid *Booth*; 'but I think no Man can be too ſcru-

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'pulous in Points which concern his Ho-
'nour.'

'I know many Men of very nice Ho-
'nour,' answered *Trent*, 'who have gone
'much farther; and no Man, I am sure,
'had ever a better Excuse for it than your-
'self.—You will forgive me, *Booth*, since
'what I speak proceeds from my Love to
'you; nay, indeed, by mentioning your
'Affairs to me, which I am heartily sorry
'for, you have given me a Right to speak.
'You know best what Friends you have
'to depend upon; but if you have no
'other Pretensions than your Merit, I
'can assure you, you would fail if it
'was possible you could have ten Times
'more Merit than you have. And if you
'love your Wife, as I am convinced you
'do, what must be your Condition, in
'seeing her want the Necessaries of Life?'

'I know my Condition is very hard,'
cries *Booth*; 'but I have one Comfort in
'it, which I will never part with, and that
'is Innocence. As to the mere Necessaries
'of Life, however, it is pretty difficult to
'deprive us of them; this I am sure of,
'no one can want them long.'

'Upon

'Upon my Word, Sir,' cries *Trent*, 'I did not know you had been so great a 'Philosopher; but believe me, these Mat-'ters look much less terrible at a Distance, 'than when they are actually present. You 'will then find, I am afraid, that Honour 'hath no more Skill in Cookery, than '*Shakespeare* tells us it hath in Surgery.— 'D——n me if I don't wish his Lordship 'loved my Wife as well as he doth yours, 'I promise you I would trust her Virtue; 'and if he should get the better of it, I 'should have People of Fashion enough 'to keep me in Countenance.'

Their second Bottle being now almost out, *Booth*, without making any Answer, called for a Bill. *Trent* prest very much the drinking another Bottle; but *Booth* absolutely refused, and presently afterwards they parted, not extremely well satisfied with each other. They appeared indeed one to the other in disadvantageous Lights of a very different kind. *Trent* concluded *Booth* to be a very silly Fellow; and *Booth* began to suspect that *Trent* was very little better than a Scoundrel.

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CHAP. VIII.

Contains a Letter and other Matters.

WE will now return to *Amelia*, to whom immediately upon her Husband's Departure to walk with Mr. *Trent*, a Porter brought the following Letter, which she immediately opened and read.

'MADAM,

'The quick Dispatch which I have 'given to your first Commands will, I 'hope, assure you of the Diligence with 'which I shall always obey every Com-'mand that you are pleased to honour 'me with. I have indeed in this trifling 'Affair, acted as if my Life itself had 'been at Stake, nay, I know not but it 'may be so: for this insignificant Matter 'you was pleased to tell me would oblige 'the charming Person in whose Power is 'not only my Happiness; but as I am 'well persuaded my Life too. Let me 'reap therefore some little Advantage

'in

'in your Eyes as you have in mine from
'this trifling Occaſion: for if any Thing
'could add to the Charms of which you
'are Miſtreſs; it would be perhaps that
'amiable Zeal with which you maintain
'the Cauſe of your Friend. I hope in-
'deed ſhe will be my Friend and Ad-
'vocate with the moſt lovely of her Sex,
'as I think ſhe hath Reaſon, and as you
'was pleaſed to inſinuate ſhe had been:
'Let me beſeech you, Madam, let not
'that dear Heart whoſe Tenderneſs is ſo
'inclin'd to compaſſionate the Miſeries of
'others, be harden'd only againſt the
'Sufferings which itſelf occaſions. Let
'not that Man alone have Reaſon to think
'you cruel, who of all others would do the
'moſt to procure your Kindneſs. How
'often have I lived over in my Reflections,
'in my Dreams thoſe two ſhort Minutes
'we were together? but alas! how faint are
'theſe Mimickries of the Imagination!
'What would I not give to purchaſe the
'Reality of ſuch another Bleſſing! This,
'Madam, is in your Power to beſtow
'on the Man who hath no Wiſh, no Will,
'no Fortune, no Heart, no Life, but
'what are at your Diſpoſal. Grant me
'only the Favour to be at Lady ——'s
'Aſſembly. —— You can have nothing

'to

'to fear from indulging me with a Moment's Sight, a Moment's Converſation. I will aſk no more. I know your Delicacy, and had rather die than offend it. Could I have ſeen you ſometimes, I believe the Fear of offending you would have kept my Love for ever buried in my own Boſom; but to be totally excluded even from the Sight of what my Soul doats on is what I cannot bear. It is that alone which hath extorted the fatal Secret from me. Let that obtain your Forgiveneſs for me. I need not ſign this Letter, otherwiſe than with that Impreſſion of my Heart which I hope it bears; and to conclude it in any Form, no Language hath Words of Devotion ſtrong enough to tell you with what Truth, what Anguiſh, what Zeal, what Adoration I love you.

Amelia had juſt Strength to hold out to the End, when her Trembling grew ſo violent, that ſhe dropt the Letter, and had probably dropt herſelf, had not Mrs. *Atkinſon* come timely in to ſupport her.

'Good Heavens! cries Mrs. *Atkinſon*, 'What is the Matter with you, Madam?

'I

'I know not what is the Matter, cries '*Amelia*; but I have receiv'd a Letter at 'laſt from that infamous Colonel.

'You will take my Opinion again then, 'I hope, Madam, cries Mrs. *Atkinſon*. 'But don't be ſo affected; the Letter 'cannot eat you, or run away with you. '——Here it lies, I ſee, will you give 'me Leave to read it?'

'Read it with all my Heart, cries '*Amelia*, and give me your Advice how 'to act; for I am almoſt diſtracted.

'Hey day!' ſays Mrs. *Atkinſon*, 'here is a 'Piece of Parchment too——What is 'that?' In Truth this Parchment had dropt from the Letter when *Amelia* firſt open'd it, but her Attention was ſo fixed by the Contents of the Letter itſelf that ſhe had never read the other. Mrs. *Atkinſon* had now opened the Parchment firſt, and after a Moment's Peruſal, the Fire flaſh'd from her Eyes, and the Blood fluſh'd into her Cheeks, and ſhe cried out in a Rapture, 'It is a Commiſſion for my Huſ-'band; upon my Soul it is a Commiſ-'ſion for my Huſband;' and at the ſame Time

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Time began to jump about the Room in a Kind of frantic Fit of Joy.

'What can be the Meaning of all this?' cries *Amelia*, under the higheſt Degree of Aſtoniſhment.

'Do not I tell you, my dear Madam, 'cried ſhe, that it is a Commiſſion for 'my Huſband, and can you wonder at 'my being overjoyed at what I know 'will make him ſo happy.——And now 'it is all out. The Letter is not from 'the Colonel, but from that noble Lord 'of whom I have told you ſo much. But 'indeed, Madam, I have ſome Pardons 'to aſk of you.——However I know 'your Goodneſs, and I will tell you all.

'You are to know then, Madam, that 'I had not been in the Opera Houſe ſix 'Minutes before a Maſque came up, and 'taking me by the Hand led me aſide. 'I gave the Maſque my Hand, and ſeeing 'a Lady at that Time lay hold on Capt. '*Booth*, I took that Opportunity of ſlip-'ping away from him; for tho' by the 'Help of the ſqueaking Voice, and by 'attempting to mimic yours, I had pretty 'well diſguiſed my own, I was ſtill afraid,

'if

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'if I had much Converſation with your 'Huſband, he would diſcover me. I 'walk'd therefore away with this Maſque, 'to the upper End of the fartheſt Room 'where we ſat down in a Corner together. 'He preſently diſcover'd to me that he 'took me for you; and I ſoon after found 'out who he was; indeed, ſo far from 'attempting to diſguiſe himſelf, he ſpoke 'in his own Voice, and in his own Per-'ſon. He now began to make very vio-'lent Love to me, but it was rather in 'the Stile of a great Man of the preſent 'Age, than of an Arcadian Swain. In 'ſhort, he laid his whole Fortune at my 'Feet, and bade me make whatever Terms 'I pleaſed, either for myſelf or for others. 'By others I ſuppoſe he meant your 'Huſband. This however put a Thought 'into my Head, of turning the preſent 'Occaſion to Advantage. I told him, 'there were two Kinds of Perſons, the 'Fallaciouſneſs of whoſe Promiſes had 'become proverbial in the World. 'Theſe were Lovers and great Men. 'What Reliance then could I have 'on the Promiſe of one who united in 'himſelf both thoſe Characters. That 'I had ſeen a melancholy Inſtance in a 'very worthy Woman of my Acquain-

'tance,

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'tance, (meaning myſelf, Madam) of his 'Want of Generoſity. I ſaid I knew the 'Obligations that he had to this Woman, 'and the Injuries he had done her, all 'which I was convinced ſhe forgave: for 'that ſhe had ſaid the handſomeſt Things 'in the World of him to me. He an-'ſwer'd that he thought he had not been 'deficient in Generoſity to this Lady, '(for I explain'd to him whom I meant) 'but that indeed if ſhe had ſpoke well 'of him to me, (meaning yourſelf, Madam) 'he would not fail to reward her for ſuch 'an Obligation. I then told him, ſhe 'had married a very deſerving Man, who 'had ſerved long in the Army abroad as 'a private Man, and who was a Serjeant 'in the Guards, that I knew it was ſo 'very eaſy for him to get him a Commiſ-'ſion, that I ſhould not think he had 'any Honour or Goodneſs in the World, 'if he neglected it. I declar'd this Step 'muſt be a Preliminary to any good Opi-'nion he muſt ever hope for of mine. 'I then profeſſed the greateſt Friendſhip 'to that Lady (in which I am convinced 'you will think me ſerious) and aſſured 'him he would give me one of the high-'eſt Pleaſures, in letting me be the In-'ſtrument of doing her ſuch a Service.

'He

'He promiſed me in a Moment to do what you ſee, Madam, he hath ſince done. And to you I ſhall always think myſelf indebted for it.'

'I know not how you are indebted to me, cries *Amelia*. Indeed, I am very glad of any good Fortune that can attend poor *Atkinſon*; but I wiſh it had been obtain'd ſome other Way. Good Heavens! what muſt be the Conſequence of this? What muſt this Lord think of me, for liſtning to his Mention of Love, nay, for making any Terms with him? For what muſt he ſuppoſe thoſe Terms mean? Indeed, Mrs. *Atkinſon*, you carried it a great deal too far. No Wonder he had the Aſſurance to write to me in the Manner he hath done. It is too plain what he conceives of me, and who knows what he may ſay to others. You may have blown up my Reputation by your Behaviour.'

'How is that poſſible, anſwer'd Mrs. *Atkinſon*? Is it not in my Power to clear up all Matters? If you will but give me Leave to make an Appointment in your Name, I will meet him myſelf, and declare the whole Secret to him.

'I

'I will consent to no such Appointment,' cries *Amelia*, 'I am heartily sorry 'I ever consented to practise any Deceit. 'I plainly see the Truth of what Dr. *Harrison* hath often told me, that if one steps 'ever so little out of the Ways of Virtue 'and Innocence, we know not how we 'may slide; for all the Ways of Vice are 'a slippery Descent.

'That Sentiment,' cries Mrs. *Atkinson*, 'is much older than Dr. *Harrison*. *Omne 'Vitium in proclivi est.*

'However new or old it is, I find it is 'true,' cries *Amelia*.—'But pray, tell me 'all, though I tremble to hear it.

'Indeed, my dear Friend, said Mrs. *Atkinson*, 'you are terrified at nothing—— 'Indeed, indeed, you are too great a 'Prude.

'I do not know what you mean by 'Prudery,' answered *Amelia*. 'I shall never be ashamed of the strictest Regard 'to Decency, to Reputation, and to that 'Honour in which the dearest of all human Creatures hath his Share. But pray 'give me the Letter, there is an Ex-

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'preſſion in it which alarmed me when I 'read it.——Pray what doth he mean by 'his two ſhort Minutes, and by purchaſing 'the Reality of ſuch another Bleſſing?

'Indeed I know not what he means by 'two Minutes,' cries Mrs. *Atkinſon*, 'unleſs he calls two Hours ſo; for we were 'not together much leſs.——And as for 'any Bleſſing he had—— I am a Stranger 'to it. Sure I hope you have a better 'Opinion of me than to think I granted 'him the laſt Favour.

'I don't know what Favours you 'granted him, Madam,' anſwer'd *Amelia* peevishly; 'but I am ſorry you granted 'him any in my Name.

'Upon my Word,' cries Mrs. *Atkinſon*, 'you uſe me unkindly—and it is a Uſage 'I did not expect at your Hands; nor do 'I know that I have deſerved it. I am 'ſure I went to the Maſquerade with no 'other View than to oblige you; nor did 'I ſay or do any thing there which any 'Woman, who is not the moſt confounded 'Prude upon Earth, would have ſtarted at 'on a much leſs Occaſion than what in'duced me. Well, I declare upon my 'Soul

'Soul then that if I was a Man, rather than 'be married to a Woman who makes such 'a Fuss with her Virtue, I would wish my 'Wife was without such a troublesome 'Companion.

'Very possibly, Madam, these may be 'your Sentiments,' cries *Amelia*, 'and I 'hope they are the Sentiments of your 'Husband.

'I desire, Madam, cries Mrs. *Atkinson*, 'you would not reflect on my Husband. 'He is as worthy a Man, and as brave a 'Man as yours; yes, Madam, and he is 'now as much a Captain.'

She spoke those Words with so loud a Voice, that *Atkinson*, who was accidentally going up Stairs heard them, and being surprised at the angry Tone of his Wife's Voice, he entered the Room, and with a Look of much Astonishment, begged to know what was the Matter.

'The Matter, my Dear,' cries Mrs. *Atkinson*, 'is, that I have got a Commission 'for you, and your good old Friend here 'is angry with me for getting it.

'I have.

'I have not Spirits enow,' cries *Amelia*, 'to answer you as you deserve, and if I 'had you are below my Anger.

'I do not know, Mrs. *Booth*,' answered the other, 'whence this great Superiority 'over me is derived; but if your Virtue 'gives it you I would have you to know, 'Madam, that I despise a Prude, as much 'as you can do a ——

'Though you have several times,' cries '*Amelia*, insulted me with that Word, I 'scorn to give you any ill Language in Re-'turn. If you deserve any bad Appellati-'on, you know it without my telling it you.

Poor *Atkinson*, who was more frightned than he had ever been in his Life, did all he could to procure Peace. He fell upon his Knees to his Wife, and begged her to compose herself; for indeed she seemed to be in a most furious Rage.

While he was in this Posture, *Booth*, who had knocked so gently at the Door, for fear of disturbing his Wife, that he had not been heard in the Tempest, came into the Room. The Moment *Amelia* saw him, the Tears which had been gathering for some

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ſome time, burſt in a Torrent from her Eyes, which however ſhe endeavoured to conceal with her Handkerchief. The Entry of *Booth* turn'd all in an Inſtant into a ſilent Picture; in which the firſt Figure which ſtruck the Eyes of the Captain was the Serjeant on his Knees to his Wife.

Booth immediately cried —— 'What's 'the Meaning of this?' —— but received no Anſwer. He then caſt his Eyes towards *Amelia*, and plainly diſcerning her Condition, he ran to her, and in a very tender Phraſe begged to know what was the matter. To which ſhe anſwered—'Nothing, 'my Dear, nothing of any Conſequence.' He replied — that he would know, and 'then turned to *Atkinſon*, and aſked the 'ſame Queſtion.

Atkinſon anſwered, 'Upon my Honour, 'Sir, I know nothing of it. — Something 'hath paſſed between Madam and my 'Wife, but what it is I know no more 'than your Honour.

'Your Wife,' ſaid Mrs. *Atkinſon*, 'hath 'uſed me cruelly ill, Mr. *Booth*. If you 'muſt be ſatisfied, that is the whole 'Matter.

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Booth rapt out a great Oath, and cried 'It is impoſſible, my Wife is not capable 'of uſing any one ill.

Amelia then caſt herſelf upon her Knees to her Huſband, and cried, 'For Hea-'ven's Sake, do not throw yourſelf into a 'Paſſion — Some few Words have paſt — 'Perhaps I may be in the wrong.

'Damnation ſeize me if I think ſo,' cries *Booth*. 'And I wiſh whoever hath drawn 'theſe Tears from your Eyes, may pay it 'with as many Drops of their Heart's Blood.

'You ſee, Madam,' cries Mrs. *Atkinſon*, 'you have your Bully to take your part; 'ſo I ſuppoſe you will uſe your Triumph.

Amelia made no Anſwer, but ſtill kept hold of *Booth*, who, in a violent Rage, cried out, —— 'My *Amelia* triumph over ſuch a 'Wretch as thee! —— What can lead thy 'Inſolence to ſuch Preſumption? Serjeant, I 'deſire you'll take that Monſter out of the 'Room, or I cannot anſwer for myſelf.'

The Serjeant was beginning to beg his Wife to retire, (for he perceived very plainly, that ſhe had, as the Phraſe is,

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taken a Sip too much that Evening,) when, with a Rage little short of Madness, she cried out,—'And do you tamely see me in-'sulted in such a manner, now that you are a 'Gentleman and upon a Footing with him?'

'It is lucky for us all, perhaps,' answer'd *Booth*, 'that he is not my Equal.

'You lie, Sirrah, said Mrs. *Atkinson*, 'he is every way your Equal; he is as good 'a Gentleman as yourself, and as much an 'Officer.——No, I deny what you say—'he hath not the Spirit of a Gentleman, 'nor of a Man neither—or he would not 'bear to see his Wife insulted.

'Let me beg of you, my Dear,' cries the Serjeant 'to go with me and compose 'yourself.

'Go with thee, thou Wretch,'——cries she, looking with the utmost Disdain upon him,——'no, nor ever speak to thee 'more'——At which Words she burst 'out of the Room; and the Serjeant, with-'out saying a Word, followed her.

A very tender and pathetic Scene now passed between *Booth* and his Wife, in

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which, when she was a little composed, she related to him the whole Story. For besides that it was not possible for her otherwise to account for the Quarrel which he had seen, *Booth* was now possessed of the Letter that lay on the Floor.

Amelia having emptied her Mind to her Husband, and obtained his faithful Promise that he would not resent the Affair to my Lord, was pretty well composed, and began to relent a little towards Mrs. *Atkinson*; but *Booth* was so highly incensed, with her, that he declared he would leave her House the next Morning; which they both accordingly did, and, with the Assistance of his old Friends at the Register-Office, immediately accommodated themselves with convenient Apartments within a few Doors of their Friend the Doctor.

CHAP. IX.

Containing some Things worthy Observation.

NOtwithstanding the Exchange of his Lodgings, *Booth* did not forget to send an Excuse to Mr. *Trent*, of whose Conversation he had taken a full Surfeit the preceding Evening.

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That Day in his Walks *Booth* met with an old Brother-Officer, who had ſerved with him at *Gibraltar*, and was on Half-pay as well as himſelf. He had not indeed had the Fortune of being broke as well as *Booth*; but had gone out, as they call it, on Half-pay as a Lieutenant, a Rank to which he had riſen in five and thirty Years.

This honeſt Gentleman, after ſome Diſcourſe with *Booth*, deſir'd him to lend him half a Crown; which he aſſured him he would faithfully pay the next Day, when he was to receive ſome Money for his Siſter. This Siſter was the Widow of an Officer that had been killed in the Sea Service; and ſhe and her Brother lived together, on their joint Stock, out of which they maintained likewiſe an old Mother, and two of the Siſter's Children, the eldeſt of which was about nine Years old. 'You 'muſt know,' ſaid the old Lieutenant, 'I 'have been diſappointed this Morning 'by an old Scoundrel, who wanted fifteen '*per Cent.* for advancing my Siſter's Pen'ſion; but I have now got an honeſt 'Fellow, who hath promiſed it me To'morrow, at ten *per Cent.*

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'And enough too of all Conſcience,' cries *Booth*.

'Why indeed, I think ſo too,' anſwer'd the other, 'conſidering it is ſure to be paid 'one Time or other. To ſay the Truth, 'it is a little hard the Government doth 'not pay thoſe Penſions better; for my 'Siſter's hath been due almoſt theſe two 'Years; that is my Way of thinking.

Booth anſwered he was aſhamed to refuſe him ſuch a Sum; but 'Upon my 'Soul,' ſaid he, 'I have not a ſingle Half-'penny in my Pocket; for I am in a worſe 'Condition if poſſible than yourſelf; for I 'have loſt all my Money, and what is 'worſe, I owe Mr. *Trent*, whom you re-'member at *Gibraltar*, 50*l*.

'Remember him! yes, d——n him, I 'remember him very well,' cries the old Gentleman, 'though he will not remem-'ber me. He is grown ſo great now, that 'he will not ſpeak to his old Acquaint-'ance; and yet I ſhould be aſhamed of 'myſelf to be great in ſuch a Manner.

'What Manner do you mean?' cries '*Booth* a little eagerly.

'Why by pimping,' anſwered the other, 'He is Pimp in ordinary to my Lord——— 'who keeps his Family; or how the Devil 'he lives elſe I don't know; for his Place 'is not worth 300*l.* a Year, and he and 'his Wife ſpend a Thouſand at leaſt. But 'ſhe keeps an Aſſembly, which, I believe, 'if you was to call a Bawdy-Houſe, you 'would not miſs-name it. But d—n me 'if I had not rather be an honeſt Man, 'and walk on Foot, with Holes in my 'Shoes, as I do now, or go without a Din-'ner, as I and all my Family will to Day, 'than ride in a Chariot, and feaſt by ſuch 'Means. I am honeſt *Bob Bound*, and 'always will be; that's my Way of think-'ing; and there's no Man ſhall call me 'otherwiſe; for if he doth, I will knock 'him down for a lying Raſcal; that is 'my Way of thinking.

'And a very good Way of thinking 'too,' cries *Booth*. 'However you ſhall 'not want a Dinner to Day; for if you 'will go home with me, I will lend you 'a Crown with all my Heart.

'Lookee,' ſaid the old Man, 'if it be 'anywiſe inconvenient to you, I will not 'have it; for I will never rob another

'Man

'Man of his Dinner, to eat myſelf——
'that is my Way of thinking.

'Pooh,' ſaid *Booth*, 'never mention 'ſuch a Trifle twice between you and me. 'Beſides you ſay you can pay it me To-'morrow; and I promiſe you that will be 'the ſame Thing.

They then walked together to *Booth*'s Lodgings, where *Booth*, from *Amelia*'s Pocket, gave his Friend double the little Sum he had aſked. Upon which the old Gentleman ſhook him heartily by the Hand, and repeating his Intention of paying him the next Day, made the beſt of his Way to a Butcher's, whence he carried off a Leg of Mutton, to a Family that had lately kept Lent without any religious Merit.

When he was gone, *Amelia* aſked her Huſband who that old Gentleman was. *Booth* anſwered, He was one of the Scandals of his Country. That the Duke of *Marlborough* had about thirty Years before made him an Enſign from a private Man, for very particular Merit, and that he had not long ſince gone out of the Army with a broken Heart, upon having ſeveral Boys put over his Head. He then gave her an Account

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of his Family, which he had heard from the old Gentleman in their Way to his Houſe, and with which we have already in a conciſe Manner acquainted the Reader,

'Good Heavens!' cries *Amelia*, 'what 'are our great Men made of! Are they 'in Reality a diſtinct Species from the reſt 'of Mankind? Are they born without 'Hearts?

'One would indeed ſometimes,' cries *Booth*, 'be inclined to think ſo. In truth 'they have no perfect Idea of thoſe com-'mon Diſtreſſes of Mankind which are 'far removed from their own Sphere. 'Compaſſion, if thoroughly examined, 'will, I believe, appear to be the Fellow-'feeling only of Men of the ſame Rank 'and Degree of Life for one another, on 'account of the Evils to which they them-'ſelves are liable. Our Senſations are, I 'am afraid, very cold towards thoſe who 'are at a great Diſtance from us, and 'whoſe Calamities can conſequently never 'reach us.

'I remember,' cries *Amelia*, 'a Senti-'ment of Dr. *Harriſon*'s, which he told 'me was in ſome *Latin* Book; *I am a* 'Man

'*Man myself, and my Heart is interested in whatever can befal the rest of Mankind.* That is the Sentiment of a good Man, and whoever thinks otherwise is a bad one.

'I have often told you, my dear *Emily*,' cries *Booth*, 'that all Men, as well the best as the worst, act alike from the Principle of Self-Love. Where Benevolence therefore is the uppermost Passion, Self-Love directs you to gratify it by doing good, and by relieving the Distresses of others; for they are then in Reality your own. But where Ambition, Avarice, Pride, or any other Passion governs the Man, and keeps his Benevolence down, the Miseries of all other Men affect him no more than they would a Stock or a Stone. And thus the Man and his Statue have often the same Degree of Feeling or Compassion.

'I have often wished, my dear,' cries *Amelia*, 'to hear you converse with Dr. *Harrison* on this Subject; for I am sure he would convince you, though I can't, that there are really such Things as Religion and Virtue.'

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This was not the first Hint of this Kind which *Amelia* had given; for she sometimes apprehended from his Discourse that he was little better than an Atheist. A Consideration which did not diminish her Affection for him; but gave her great Uneasiness. On all such Occasions *Booth* immediately turned the Discourse to some other Subject; for tho' he had in other Points a great Opinion of his Wife's Capacity; yet as a Divine or a Philosopher he did not hold her in a very respectable Light, nor did he lay any great Stress on her Sentiments in such Matters. He now therefore gave a speedy Turn to the Conversation, and began to talk of Affairs below the Dignity of this History.

AMELIA.

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AMELIA.

BOOK XI.

CHAP. I.

Containing a very polite Scene.

WE will now look back to ſome Perſonages, who, though not the principal Characters in this Hiſtory, have yet made too conſiderable a Figure in it to be abruptly dropt. And theſe are Colonel *James* and his Lady.

This fond Couple never met till Dinner the Day after the Maſquerade, when they happened to be alone together in an Antichamber before the Arrival of the reſt of the Company.

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The Converſation began with the Colonel's ſaying, 'I hope, Madam, you got 'no Cold laſt Night at the Maſquerade.' To which the Lady anſwered by much the ſame kind of Queſtion.

They then ſat together near five Minutes without opening their Mouths to each other. At laſt Mrs. *James* ſaid, 'Pray, 'Sir, who was that Maſque with you in 'the Dreſs of a Shepherdeſs? How could 'you expoſe yourſelf by walking with 'ſuch a Trollop in public; for certainly 'no Woman of any Figure would appear 'there in ſuch a Dreſs. You know, Mr. '*James*, I never interfere with your Affairs; but I would methinks for my own 'Sake, if I was you, preſerve a little 'Decency in the Face of the World.

'Upon my Word,' ſaid *James*, 'I do 'not know whom you mean. A Woman 'in ſuch a Dreſs might ſpeak to me for 'aught I know——A thouſand People 'ſpeak to me at a Maſquerade. But I 'promiſe you, I ſpoke to no Woman Acquaintance there that I know of——Indeed I now recollect there was a Woman 'in a Dreſs of a Shepherdeſs; and there was 'another

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'another aukward Thing in a blue Do-
'mino that plagued me a little, but I ſoon
'got rid of them.

'And I ſuppoſe you do not know the Lady in the blue Domino neither?——

'Not I, I aſſure you,' ſaid *James*. 'But 'pray why do you aſk me theſe Queſtions? 'It looks ſo like Jealouſy.

'Jealouſy,' cries ſhe, 'I jealous! No, 'Mr. *James*, I ſhall never be jealous P 'promiſe you, eſpecially of the Lady in 'the blue Domino; for to my Knowledge 'ſhe deſpiſes you of all human Race.

'I am heartily glad of it,' ſaid *James*; 'for I never ſaw ſuch a tall aukward Mon-'ſter in my Life.

'That is a very cruel Way of telling me 'you knew me.——

'You, Madam,' ſaid *James*—— 'you 'was in a black Domino.

'It is not ſo unuſual a Thing, I believe, 'you yourſelf know to change Dreſſes, '—I own I did it to diſcover ſome of your Tricks,

'Tricks. I did not think you could 'have diſtinguiſh'd the tall aukward Mon- 'ſter ſo well.

'Upon my Soul,' ſaid *James*, 'if it was 'you, I did not even ſuſpect it; ſo you 'ought not to be offended at what I have 'ſaid ignorantly.

'Indeed, Sir,' cries ſhe, 'you cannot 'offend me by any thing you can ſay to 'my Face——no, by my Soul, I deſpiſe 'you too much. But I wiſh, Mr. *James*, 'you would not make me the Subject of 'your Converſation amongſt your Wenches. 'I deſire I may not be afraid of meeting 'them for fear of their Inſults: That I 'may not be told by a dirty Trollop, you 'make me the Subject of your Wit a- 'mongſt them, of which it ſeems I am the 'favourite Topic. Tho' you have mar- 'ried a tall aukward Monſter, Mr. *James*, 'I think ſhe hath a Right to be treated, as 'your Wife, with Reſpect at leaſt——In- 'deed I ſhall never require any more: In- 'deed, Mr. *James*, I never ſhall.—I think 'a Wife hath a Title to that.

'Who told you this Madam?' ſaid *James*.

'Your

'Your Slut, said she,' 'your Wench, 'your Shepherdess.

'By all that's sacred,' cries *James*, I do 'not know who the Shepherdess was.

'By all that's sacred then,' says she — 'she told me so — and I am convinced 'she told me Truth. — But I do not 'wonder at your denying it; for that is 'equally consistent with Honour as to be-'have in such a Manner to a Wife who is 'a Gentlewoman. — I hope you will allow 'me that, Sir. — Because I had not quite 'so great a Fortune, I hope you do not 'think me beneath you, or that you did 'me any Honour in marrying me. I am 'come of as good a Family as your-'self, Mr. *James*; and if my Brother knew 'how you treated me, he would not bear it.

'Do you threaten me with your Bro-'ther, Madam,' said *James*?

'I will not be ill treated, Sir,' answered she.

'Nor I neither, Madam,' cries he; 'and 'therefore I desire you will prepare to go 'into the Country To-morrow Morning.

'Indeed,

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'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'I ſhall not.

'By Heavens, Madam, but you ſhall,' anſwered he, 'I will have my Coach at the 'Door To-morrow Morning by ſeven; 'and you ſhall either go into it or be carried.

'I hope, Sir, you are not in earneſt,' ſaid ſhe.

'Indeed, Madam,' anſwered he, 'but 'I am in earneſt, and reſolved; and into 'the Country you go To-morrow.

'But why into the Country,' ſaid ſhe, 'Mr. *James?* Why will you be ſo bar-'barous to deny me the Pleaſures of the 'Town?

'Becauſe you interfere with my Plea-'ſures,' cried *James*; 'which I have told 'you long ago I would not ſubmit to. 'It is enough for fond Couples to have 'theſe Scenes together. I thought we had 'been upon a better Footing, and had 'cared too little for each other to become 'mutual Plagues. I thought you had 'been ſatisfied with the full Liberty of do-'ing what you pleaſe.

'So

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'So I am. I defy you to ſay I have 'ever given you any Uneaſineſs.

'How, cries he, have you not juſt 'now upbraided me with what you heard 'at the Maſquerade?

'I own, ſaid ſhe, to be inſulted by 'ſuch a Creature to my Face ſtung me 'to the Soul. I muſt have had no Spirit 'to bear the Inſults of ſuch an Animal. 'Nay ſhe ſpoke of you with equal Con-'tempt. Whoever ſhe is, I promiſe 'you, Mr. *Booth* is her Favourite. But 'indeed ſhe is unworthy any one's 'Regard: for ſhe behaved like an arrant 'Dragoon.

'Hang her, cries the Colonel, I know 'nothing of her.

'Well but, Mr. *James*——I am ſure 'you will not ſend me into the Country, 'Indeed I will not go into the Country.

'If you was a reaſonable Woman, cries '*James*, perhaps I ſhould not deſire it.—— 'And on one Conſideration——

'Come

'Come name your Conſideration, ſaid ſhe.

'Let me firſt experience your Diſcern-'ment, ſaid he——Come, *Molly*, let me 'try your Judgment. Can you gueſs at 'any Woman of your Acquaintance that 'I like?

'Sure, ſaid ſhe, it cannot be Mrs. '*Booth*!

'And why not Mrs. *Booth*, anſwer'd 'he? Is ſhe not the fineſt Woman in the 'World?

'Very far from it, replied ſhe, in my 'Opinion.

'Pray what Faults, ſaid he, can you 'find in her?

'In the firſt Place, cries Mrs. *James*, 'her Eyes are too large; and ſhe hath a 'Look with them that I don't know how 'to deſcribe; but I know I don't like it. 'Then her Eyebrows are too large; there-'fore indeed ſhe doth all in her Power 'to remedy this with her Pincers: for if

'it

'it was not for thoſe, her Eyebrows would 'be prepoſterous.——Then her Neck is 'too protuberant for the genteel Size, eſ- 'pecially as ſhe laces herſelf: for no Wo- 'man in my Opinion can be genteel who 'is not entirely flat before. And laſtly, 'ſhe is both too ſhort and too tall.—— 'Well, you may laugh, Mr. *James*, I 'know what I mean, tho' I cannot well 'expreſs it.——I mean that ſhe is too tall 'for a pretty Woman, and too ſhort for 'a fine Woman.——There is ſuch a 'Thing as a Kind of inſipid Medium—— 'a Kind of ſomething that is neither one 'Thing or another. I know not how to 'expreſs it more clearly; but when I ſay 'ſuch a one is a pretty Woman, a pretty 'Thing, a pretty Creature, you know 'very well I mean a little Woman; and 'when I ſay ſuch a one is a very fine Wo- 'man, a very fine Perſon of a Woman, 'to be ſure I muſt mean a tall Woman. 'Now a Woman that is between both, is 'certainly neither the one nor the other.

'Well, I own,' ſaid he, 'you have ex- 'plain'd yourſelf with great Dexterity; but 'with all theſe Imperfections, I cannot 'help liking her.

'That

'That you need not tell me, Mr. *James*, 'anſwer'd the Lady; for that I knew be-'fore you deſir'd me to invite her to your 'Houſe. And did I not nevertheleſs, 'like an obedient Wife, comply with 'your Deſires? Did I make any Objec-'tion to the Party you propoſed for the 'Maſquerade, tho' I knew very well your 'Motive? What can the beſt of Wives 'do more? To procure you Succeſs is 'not in my Power; and if I may give 'you my Opinion, I believe you never 'will ſucceed with her.

'Is her Virtue ſo very impregnable, 'ſaid he, with a Sneer?

'Her Virtue, anſwer'd Mrs. *James*, hath 'the beſt Guard in the World, which is 'a moſt violent Love for her Huſband.

'All Pretence, and Affectation, cries 'the Colonel. It is impoſſible ſhe ſhould 'have ſo little Taſte, or indeed ſo little 'Delicacy as to like ſuch a Fellow.

'Nay I do not much like him myſelf," 'ſaid ſhe—'He is not indeed at all ſuch a 'ſort of Man as I ſhould like; but I

'thought

'thought he had been generally allow'd to 'be handſome.

'He handſome, cries *James?* What 'with a Noſe like the Proboſcis of an 'Elephant, with the Shoulders of a 'Porter, and the Legs of a Chairman? 'The Fellow hath not in the leaſt the 'Look of a Gentleman; and one would 'rather think he had followed the Plough 'than the Camp all his Life.

'Nay now I proteſt, ſaid ſhe, I think 'you do him Injuſtice. He is genteel 'enough, in my Opinion. It is true in-'deed he is not quite of the moſt delicate 'Make; but whatever he is, I am con-'vinced ſhe thinks him the fineſt Man in 'the World.

'I cannot believe it, anſwer'd he pee-'viſhly.——But will you invite her to 'Dinner here To-morrow?

'With all my Heart, and as often as 'you pleaſe, anſwer'd ſhe.——But I have 'ſome Favours to aſk of you.——Firſt, 'I muſt hear no more of going out of 'Town 'till I pleaſe.

'Very

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'Very well, cried he.

'In the next Place, ſaid ſhe, I muſt 'have two hundred Guineas within theſe 'two or three Days.

'Well—I agree to that too, anſwered 'he.

'And when I do go out of Town, I 'go to *Tunbridge*——I inſiſt upon that; 'and from *Tunbridge* I go to *Bath*—— 'poſitively to *Bath*. And I promiſe you 'faithfully I will do all in my Power to 'carry Mrs. *Booth* with me.

'On that Condition, anſwer'd he, I 'promiſe you you ſhall go wherever 'you pleaſe.——And to ſhew you, I will 'even prevent your Wiſhes by my Genero- 'ſity, as ſoon as I receive the five thouſand 'Pounds, which I am going to take up 'on one of my Eſtates, you ſhall have 'two hundred more.

She thanked him with a low Curteſie; and he was in ſuch good Humour that he offered to kiſs her. To this Kiſs ſhe coldly turn'd her Cheek—and then flirting her

her Fan, said——Mr. *James*, 'There is 'one Thing I forgot to mention to you—— 'I think you intended to get a Com- 'miſſion in ſome Regiment abroad for 'this young Man.——Now if you would 'take my Advice, I know this will not 'oblige his Wife; and beſides I am po- 'ſitive ſhe reſolves to go with him.—— 'But if you can provide for him in ſome 'Regiment at home, I know ſhe will 'dearly love you for it; and when he is 'order'd to Quarters, ſhe will be left be- 'hind—and *Yorkſhire* or *Scotland* I think 'is as good a Diſtance as either of the '*Indies*.

'Well, I will do what I can, anſwer'd '*James*; but I cannot aſk any Thing yet: 'for I got two Places of 100 *l.* a Year 'each for two of my Footmen, within 'this Fortnight.

At this Inſtant a violent Knock at the Door ſignified the Arrival of their Company; upon which both Huſband and Wife put on their beſt Looks to receive their Gueſts; and from their Behaviour to each other during the reſt of the Day, a Stranger might have concluded he had been in Company with the fondeſt Couple in the Univerſe.

CHAP.

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CHAP. II.

Matters Political.

BEFORE we return to *Booth*, we will relate a Scene in which Dr. *Harrison* was concern'd.

This good Man whilſt in the Country happen'd to be in the Neighbourhood of a Nobleman of his Acquaintance, and whom he knew to have very conſiderable Intereſt with the Miniſters at that Time.

The Doctor who was very well known to this Nobleman, took this Opportunity of paying him a Viſit in order to recommend poor *Booth* to his Favour. Nor did he much doubt of his Succeſs, the Favour he was to aſk being a very ſmall one, and to which he thought the Service of *Booth* gave him ſo juſt a Title.

The Doctor's Name ſoon gain'd him an Admiſſion to the Preſence of this Great Man, who indeed receiv'd him with much Courteſy and Politeneſs; not ſo much perhaps from any particular Regard to the ſacred Function, nor from any Reſpect to the

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the Doctor's perſonal Merit, as from ſome Conſiderations which the Reader will perhaps gueſs anon. After many Ceremonials, and ſome previous Diſcourſe on different Subjects, the Doctor open'd his Buſineſs, and told the Great Man, that he was come to him to ſolicit a Favour for a young Gentleman who had been an Officer in the Army, and was now on Half-Pay. 'All 'the Favour I aſk, my Lord, ſaid he, 'is, that this Gentleman may be again 'admitted *ad eundem*. I am convinced 'your Lordſhip will do me the Juſtice 'to think I would not aſk for a worthleſs 'Perſon; but indeed the young Man I 'mean, hath very extraordinary Merit. 'He was at the Siege of *Gibraltar*, in 'which he behav'd with diſtinguiſh'd Bra'very; and was dangerouſly wounded at 'two ſeveral Times in the Service of his 'Country. I will add, that he is at pre'ſent in great Neceſſity, and hath a Wife 'and ſeveral Children, for whom he hath 'no other Means of providing; and if it 'will recommend him further to your 'Lordſhip's Favour, his Wife, I believe, 'is one of the beſt and worthieſt of all 'her Sex.

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'As to that, my dear Doctor, cries the 'Nobleman, I shall make no Doubt. 'Indeed any Service I shall do the Gentle-'man will be upon your Account. As 'to Necessity, it is the Plea of so many, 'that it is impossible to serve them all.— 'And with Regard to the Personal Merit 'of these inferior Officers, I believe, I 'need not tell you that is very little re-'garded. But if you recommend him, 'let the Person be what he will, I am 'convinced it will be done: for I know 'it is in your Power at present to ask for 'a greater Matter than this.

'I depend entirely upon your Lordship, 'answer'd the Doctor.

'Indeed, my worthy Friend, replied 'the Lord, I will not take a Merit to 'myself, which will so little belong to 'me. You are to depend on yourself. 'It falls out very luckily too at this Time 'when you have it in your Power so 'greatly to oblige us.

'What, my Lord, is in my Power? cries 'the Doctor.

'You

'You certainly know, answer'd his Lordship, how hard Colonel *Trompington* 'is run at your Town, in the Election 'of a Mayor; they tell me it will be a 'very near Thing, unless you join us. 'But we know it is in your Power to do 'the Business, and turn the Scale. I heard 'your Name mention'd the other Day on 'that Account; and I know you may 'have any Thing in Reason, if you will 'give us your Interest.

'Sure, my Lord, cries the Doctor, you 'are not in Earnest in asking my Interest 'for the Colonel.

'Indeed I am, answer'd the Peer. Why 'should you doubt it?

'For many Reasons, answer'd the 'Doctor. First, I am an old Friend and 'Acquaintance of Mr. *Fairfield*, as your 'Lordship, I believe, very well knows. 'The little Interest, therefore, that I have, 'you may be assured, will go in his Fa'vour. Indeed I do not concern myself 'deeply in these Affairs: for I do not 'think it becomes my Cloth so to do. 'But as far as I think it decent to interest

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'myself, it will certainly be on the Side 'of Mr. *Fairfield*.' Indeed I ſhould do 'ſo, if I was acquainted with both the 'Gentlemen, only by Reputation: the 'one being a neighbouring Gentleman, 'of a very large Eſtate, a very ſober and 'ſenſible Man, of known Probity and 'Attachment to the true Intereſt of his 'Country. The other is a mere Stranger, 'a Boy, a Soldier of Fortune, and as far 'as I can diſcern from the little Converſa-'tion I have had with him, of a very 'ſhallow Capacity, and no Education.

'No Education! my dear Friend, cries 'the Nobleman. Why he hath been 'educated in half the Courts of *Europe*.

'Perhaps ſo, my Lord, anſwer'd the 'Doctor; but I ſhall always be ſo great 'a Pedant as to call a Man of no Learn-'ing, a Man of no Education.——— 'And from my own Knowledge, I can 'aver, that I am perſuaded there is ſcarce 'a Foot Soldier in the Army who is more 'illiterate than the Colonel.

'Why as to Latin and Greek, you 'know, replied the Lord, they are not 'much requir'd in the Army.

'It

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'It may be ſo, ſaid the Doctor. Then 'let ſuch Perſons keep to their own Pro-'feſſion. It is a very low civil Capacity 'indeed for which an illiterate Man can 'be qualified. And to ſpeak a plain 'Truth, if your Lordſhip is a Friend 'to the Colonel, you would do well to 'adviſe him to decline an Attempt, in 'which I am certain he hath no Proba-'bility of Succeſs.

'Well, Sir, ſaid the Lord, if you are 'reſolv'd againſt us, I muſt deal as freely 'with you, and tell you plainly I cannot 'ſerve you in your Affair. Nay it will 'be the beſt Thing I can do, to hold 'my Tongue: for if I ſhould mention 'his Name with your Recommendation 'after what you have ſaid, he would per-'haps never get provided for as long as 'he lives.

'Is his own Merit then, my Lord, no 'Recommendation? cries the Doctor.

'My dear, dear Sir, cries the other— 'What is the Merit of a Subaltern Of-'ficer?

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'Surely, my Lord, cries the Doctor, 'it is the Merit which should recommend 'him to the Post of a Subaltern Officer. 'And it is a Merit which will hereafter 'qualify him to serve his Country in a 'higher Capacity. And I do assure you 'of this young Man, that he hath not 'only a good Heart, but a good Head 'too. And I have been told by those 'who are Judges, that he is for his Age 'an excellent Officer.

'Very probably! cries my Lord—— 'And there are Abundance with the same 'Merit, and the same Qualifications, who 'want a Morsel of Bread for themselves 'and their Families.

'It is an infamous Scandal on the Na-'tion, cries the Doctor; and I am heartily 'sorry it can be said even with a Colour 'of Truth.

'How can it be otherwise? says the Peer. 'Do you think it is possible to provide 'for all Men of Merit?

'Yes, surely do I, said the Doctor. And 'very easily too.

'How

'How pray?——cries the Lord——
'Upon my Word I ſhall be glad to know.

'Only by not providing for thoſe of
'none——The Men of Merit in any
'Capacity are not I am afraid ſo extreme-
'ly numerous, that we need ſtarve any
'of them, unleſs we wickedly ſuffer a
'Set of worthleſs Fellows to eat their
'Bread.

'This is all mere *Utopia*, cries his
'Lordſhip. The Chimerical Syſtem of
'*Plato*'s Commonwealth with which we
'amuſed ourſelves at the Univerſity;
'Politics which are inconſiſtent with the
'State of Human Affairs.

'Sure, my Lord, cries the Doctor, we
'have read of States where ſuch Doctrines
'have been put in Practice. What is
'your Lordſhip's Opinion of *Rome* in
'the earlier Ages of the Commonwealth,
'of *Sparta*, and even of *Athens* itſelf, in
'ſome Periods of its Hiſtory?

'Indeed, Doctor, cries the Lord, all
'theſe Notions are obſolete and long ſince
'exploded. To apply Maxims of Go-

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'vernment drawn from the *Greek* and '*Roman* Hiſtories, to this Nation, is ab-'ſurd and impoſſible. But if you will 'have *Roman* Examples, fetch them from 'Times like our own. Do you not know, 'Doctor, that this is as corrupt a Nation 'as ever exiſted under the Sun? And 'would you think of governing ſuch a 'People by the ſtrict Principles of Ho-'neſty and Morality?

'If it be ſo corrupt, ſaid the Doctor, 'I think it is high Time to amend it. Or 'elſe it is eaſy to foreſee the Conſequence: 'for Corruption in the Body Politic as 'naturally tends to Diſſolution as in the 'Natural Body.

'I thank you for your Simile, cries my 'Lord: for in the Natural Body, I be-'lieve, you will allow there is the Seaſon 'of Youth, the Seaſon of Manhood, and 'the Seaſon of Old Age; and that, 'when the laſt of theſe arrives, it will 'be an impoſſible Attempt by all the 'Means of Art to reſtore the Body again 'to its Youth, or to the Vigour of its 'middle Age. The ſame Periods hap-'pen to every great Kingdom. In its 'Youth it riſes by Arts and Arms to

'Power

'Power and Prosperity. This it enjoys 'and flourishes with a while; and then it 'may be said to be in the Vigour of its 'Age, enrich'd at home with all the 'Emoluments and Blessings of Peace; 'and formidable abroad with all the Ter-'rors of War. At length this very 'Prosperity introduces Corruption; and 'then comes on its old Age. Virtue 'and Learning, Art and Industry, decay 'by Degrees. The People sink into 'Sloth and Luxury, and Prostitution. 'It is enervated at home, becomes con-'temptible abroad; and such indeed is 'its Misery and Wretchedness, that it re-'sembles a Man in the last decrepid Stage 'of Life, who looks with Unconcern at 'his approaching Dissolution.

'This is a melancholy Picture indeed,' cries the Doctor; 'and if the latter Part 'of it can be applied to our Case, I see 'nothing but Religion which should pre-'vent a Man of Spirit from hanging him-'self out of the Way of so wretched a 'Contemplation.'

'Why so?' said the Peer; 'Why hang 'himself, Doctor? Would it not be wiser, 'think you, to make the best of your

'Time, and the moſt you can in ſuch a 'Nation?'

'And is Religion then to be really laid 'out of the Queſtion?' cries the Doctor.

'If I am to ſpeak my own Opinion, 'Sir,' anſwered the Peer, 'you know I 'ſhall anſwer in the Negative.—But you 'are too well acquainted with the World 'to be told, that the Conduct of Politici-'ans is not formed upon the Principles of 'Religion.'

'I am very ſorry for it,' cries the Doctor; 'but I will talk to them then of Ho-'nour and Honeſty: This is a Language 'which I hope they will at leaſt pretend 'to underſtand. Now to deny a Man 'the Preferment which he merits, and to 'give it to another Man who doth not 'merit it, is a manifeſt Act of Injuſtice; 'and is conſequently inconſiſtent with both 'Honour and Honeſty. Nor is it only an 'Act of Injuſtice to the Man himſelf, but 'to the Public, for whoſe Good princi-'pally all public Offices are, or ought to 'be inſtituted. Now this Good can never 'be completed, nor obtained, but by em-'ploying all Perſons according to their

'Ca-

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'Capacities. Wherever true Merit is li-
'able to be ſuperſeded by Favour and
'Partiality, and Men are intruſted with
'Offices, without any Regard to Capacity
'or Integrity, the Affairs of that State
'will always be in a deplorable Situation.
'Such, as *Livy* tells us, was the State of
'*Capua*, a little before its final Deſtruction;
'and the Conſequence your Lordſhip well
'knows. But, my Lord, there is another
'Miſchief which attends this Kind of In-
'juſtice, and that is, it hath a manifeſt
'Tendency to deſtroy all Virtue and all
'Ability among the People, by taking
'away all that Encouragement and In-
'centive, which ſhould promote Emu-
'lation, and raiſe Men to aim at excelling
'in any Art, Science, or Profeſſion. Nor
'can any Thing, my Lord, contribute
'more to render a Nation contemptible
'among its Neighbours; for what Opini-
'on can other Countries have of the Coun-
'cils, or what Terror can they conceive
'of the Arms of ſuch a People? And it
'was owing ſingly, perhaps, to the avoid-
'ing this Error, that *Oliver Cromwell* car-
'ried the Reputation of *England* higher
'than it ever was at any other Time. I
'will add only one Argument more, and
'that is founded on the moſt narrow and
'ſelfiſh Syſtem of Politics; and this is,

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'that such a Conduct is sure to create 'universal Discontent and Grumbling at 'home: For nothing can bring Men to 'rest satisfied, when they see others pre-'ferred to them, but an Opinion that they 'deserve that Elevation; for as one of the 'greatest Men this Country ever produced, 'observes,

'*One worthless Man that gains what he*
'*pretends,*
'*Disgusts a thousand unpretending Friends.*'

'With what Heartburnings then must any 'Nation see themselves obliged to contribute 'to the Support of a Set of Men, of whose In-'capacity to serve them they are well appriz-'ed, and who do their Country a double Dis-'kindness; by being themselves employ-'ed in Posts to which they are unequal, and 'by keeping others out of those Employ-'ments, for which they are qualified!'

'And do you really think, Doctor,' cries the Nobleman, 'that any Minister 'could support himself in this Country 'upon such Principles as you recommend? 'Do you think he would be able to baffle 'an Opposition, unless he should oblige 'his Friends by conferring Places often, 'contrary to his own Inclinations, and his 'own Opinion?'

'Yes,

'Yes, really do I,' cries the Doctor. 'Indeed if a Miniſter is reſolved to make 'good his Confeſſion in the Liturgy, by 'leaving undone all thoſe Things which 'he ought to have done, and by doing all 'thoſe Things which he ought not to have 'done: Such a Miniſter, I grant, will be 'obliged to baffle Oppoſition, as you are 'pleaſed to term it; for as *Shakeſpeare* 'ſomewhere ſays,

'*Things ill begun ſtrengthen themſelves by* '*Ill.*'

'But if, on the contrary, he will pleaſe 'to conſider the true Intereſt of his 'Country, and that only in great and na'tional Points; if he will engage his 'Country in neither Alliances or Quarrels, 'but where it is really intereſted; if 'he will raiſe no Money but what is 'wanted; nor employ any civil or mili'tary Officers but what are uſeful; and 'place in theſe Employments Men of the 'higheſt Integrity, and of the greateſt A'bilities; if he will employ ſome few of 'his Hours to advance our Trade, and 'ſome few more to regulate our domeſtic 'Government: If he would do this, my 'Lord, I will anſwer for it he ſhall have 'no Oppoſition to baffle. Such a Miniſter 'may, in the Language of the Law, put

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' himſelf on his Country when he pleaſes
' and he ſhall come off with Honour and
' Applauſe.'

' And do you really believe, Doctor,
cries the Peer, ' there ever was ſuch a Mi-
' niſter, or ever will be?'

' Why not, my Lord?' anſwered the
Doctor. ' It requires no very extraordi-
' nary Parts, nor any extraordinary De-
' gree of Virtue. He need practiſe no
' great Inſtances of Self-denial. He ſhall
' have Power, and Honour, and Riches,
' and perhaps all in a much greater Degree
' than he can ever acquire, by purſuing
' a contrary Syſtem. He ſhall have more
' of each, and much more of Safety.'

' Pray, Doctor,' ſaid my Lord, ' let
' me aſk you one ſimple Queſtion. Do you
' really believe any Man upon Earth was
' ever a Rogue out of Choice?'

' Really, my Lord,' ſays the Doctor,
' I am aſhamed to anſwer in the Affirma-
' tive; and yet I am afraid Experience
' would almoſt juſtify me if I ſhould.
' Perhaps the Opinion of the World may
' ſometimes miſlead Men to think thoſe
' Meaſures neceſſary, which in reality are
' not

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'not so. Or the Truth may be, that a 'Man of good Inclinations finds his Office 'filled with such Corruption by the Iniquity 'of his Predecessors, that he may despair of 'being capable of purging it; and so sits 'down contented, as *Augeas* did with the 'Filth of his Stables, not because he thought 'them the better, or that such Filth was 'really necessary to a Stable; but that he 'despaired of sufficient Force to cleanse 'them.'

'I will ask you one Question more, and 'I have done,' said the Nobleman. 'Do 'you imagine that if any Minister was 'really as good as you would have him, 'that the People in general would believe 'that he was so?'

'Truly, my Lord,' said the Doctor, 'I think they may be justified in not be-'lieving too hastily. But I beg Leave to 'answer your Lordship's Question by an-'other. Doth your Lordship believe that 'the People of *Greenland*, when they see 'the Light of the Sun, and feel his Warmth, 'after so long a Season of Cold and Dark-'ness, will really be persuaded that he 'shines upon them?'

My

My Lord ſmiled at the Conceit; and then the Doctor took an Opportunity to renew his Suit, to which his Lordſhip anſwered he would promiſe nothing, and could give him no Hopes of Succeſs: 'But you may be aſſured,' ſaid he with a leering Countenance, 'I ſhall do him all 'the Service in my Power.' A Language which the Doctor well underſtood, and ſoon after took a civil, but not a very ceremonial Leave.

CHAP. III.

The Hiſtory of Mr. Trent.

WE will now return to Mr. *Booth* and his Wife. The former had ſpent his Time very uneaſily, ever ſince he had diſcovered what ſort of Man he was indebted to; but leſt he ſhould forget it, Mr. *Trent* thought now proper to remind him, in the following Letter, which he read the next Morning after he had put off the Appointment.

'SIR,

'I am ſorry the Neceſſity of my Affairs 'obliges me to mention that ſmall Sum 'which I had the Honour to lend you the 'other

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'other Night at Play; and which I shall 'be much obliged to you, if you will let 'me have some time either to Day, or To-'morrow. I am,

'SIR,

'*Your most obedient,*

'*most humble Servant,*

'Geo. Trent.'

This Letter a little surprized *Booth*, after the genteel, and indeed, as it appeared, generous Behaviour of *Trent*. But lest it should have the same Effect upon the Reader, we will now proceed to account for this, as well as for some other Phænomena that have appeared in this History, and which perhaps we shall be forgiven, for not having opened more largely before.

Mr. *Trent* then was a Gentleman, possibly of a good Family; for it was not certain whence he sprung on the Father's Side. His Mother, who was the only Parent he ever knew or heard of, was a single Gentlewoman, and for some Time carried on the Trade of a Milliner in *Covent-Garden*. She sent her Son, at the Age of eight Years old, to a Charity-School, where he remained 'till he was of the Age of fourteen, without

without making any great Proficiency in Learning. Indeed it is not very probable he ſhould; for the Maſter who, in Preference to a very learned and proper Man, was choſen by a Party into this School, the Salary of which was upwards of 100*l.* a Year, had himſelf never travelled through the *Latin* Grammar, and was in Truth a moſt conſummate Blockhead.

At the Age of fifteen Mr. *Trent* was put Clerk to an Attorney, where he remained a very ſhort Time before he took Leave of his Maſter; rather, indeed, departed without taking Leave; and having broke open his Mother's Eſcritore, and carried off with him all the valuable Effects he there found, to the Amount of about fifty Pounds; he marched off to Sea, and went on Board a Merchantman, whence he was afterwards preſſed into a Man of War.

In this Service he continued above three Years; during which Time he behaved ſo ill in his moral Character, that he twice underwent a very ſevere Diſcipline for Thefts in which he was detected; but at the ſame Time, he behaved ſo well as a Sailor in an Engagement with ſome Pirates, that he wiped off all former Scores, and

and greatly recommended himself to his Captain.

At his return home, he being then about twenty Years of Age, he found that the Attorney had in his Absence married his Mother, had buried her, and secured all her Effects, to the Amount, as he was inform'd, of about fifteen hundred Pound. *Trent* applied to his Step-Father, but to no Purpose; the Attorney utterly disowned him, nor would he suffer him to come a second Time within his Doors.

It happened that the Attorney had, by a former Wife, an only Daughter, a great Favourite, who was about the same Age with *Trent* himself; and had, during his Residence at her Father's House, taken a very great Liking to this young Fellow, who was extremely handsome, and perfectly well made. This her Liking was not, during his Absence, so far extinguished, but that it immediately revived on his return. Of this she took Care to give Mr. *Trent* proper Intimation; for she was not one of those backward and delicate Ladies, who can die rather than make the first Overture. *Trent* was overjoyed at this, and with Reason; for she was a very lovely

Girl

Girl in her Perſon, the only Child of a rich Father; and the Proſpect of ſo complete a Revenge on the Attorney charmed him above all the reſt. To be as ſhort in the Matter as the Parties, a Marriage was ſoon conſummated between them.

The Attorney at firſt raged and was implacable; but at laſt Fondneſs for his Daughter ſo far overcame Reſentment, that he advanced a Sum of Money to buy his Son-in-Law (for now he acknowledged him as ſuch) an Enſign's Commiſſion in a marching Regiment then ordered to *Gibraltar*; at which Place the Attorney heartily hoped that *Trent* might be knocked on the Head: for in that Caſe he thought he might marry his Daughter more agreeably to his own Ambition, and to her Advantage.

The Regiment into which *Trent* purchaſed, was the ſame with that in which *Booth* likewiſe ſerved; the one being an Enſign, and the other a Lieutenant in the two additional Companies.

Trent had no Blemiſh in his military Capacity. Though he had had but an indifferent Education, he was naturally ſenſible

ſible and genteel, and Nature, as we have ſaid, had given him a very agreeable Perſon. He was likewiſe a very bold Fellow, and as he really behaved himſelf every way well enough, while he was at *Gibraltar*, there was ſome Degree of Intimacy between him and *Booth*.

When the Siege was over, and the additional Companies were again reduced, *Trent* returned to his Wife, who received him with great Joy and Affection. Soon after this an Accident happened, which proved the utter Ruin of his Father-in-Law, and ended in breaking his Heart. This was nothing but making a Miſtake pretty common at this Day, of writing another Man's Name to a Deed inſtead of his own. In truth, this Matter was no leſs than what the Law calls Forgery, and was juſt then made capital by an Act of Parliament. From this Offence indeed the Attorney was acquitted by not admitting the Proof of the Party who was to avoid his own Deed, by his Evidence; and therefore no Witneſs, according to thoſe excellent Rules, called the Law of Evidence; a Law very excellently calculated for the Preſervation of the Lives of his Majeſty's

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Majesty's roguish Subjects, and most notably used for that Purpose.

But tho' by common Law the Attorney was honourably acquitted; yet as common Sense manifested to every one that he was guilty, he unhappily lost his Reputation, and of Consequence his Business; the Chagrin of which latter soon put an End to his Life.

This Prosecution had been attended with a very great Expence; for besides the ordinary Costs of avoiding the Gallows by the Help of the Law, there was a very high Article of no less than a thousand Pounds paid down to remove out of the Way a Witness, against whom there was no legal Exception. The poor Gentleman had besides suffered some Losses in Business; so that to the Surprise of all his Acquaintance, when his Debts were paid there remained no more than a small Estate of fourscore Pounds a Year, which he settled upon his Daughter, far out of the Reach of her Husband, and about two hundred Pounds in Money.

The old Gentleman had not long been in his Grave, before *Trent* set himself to consider seriously of the State of his Affairs.

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fairs. He had lately begun to look on his Wife with a much leſs Degree of liking and Deſire than formerly; for he was one of thoſe who think too much of one thing is good for nothing. Indeed he had indulged theſe Speculations ſo far, that I believe his Wife, though one of the prettieſt Women in Town, was the laſt Subject that he would have choſe for any amorous Dalliance.

Many other Perſons however, greatly differed from him in this Opinion. Amongſt the reſt was the illuſtrious Peer of amorous Memory. This noble Peer having therefore got a View of Mrs. *Trent* one Day in the Street, did, by Means of an Emiſſary then with him, make himſelf acquainted with her Lodging, to which he immediately laid Siege in Form, ſetting himſelf down in a Lodging directly oppoſite to her, from whence the Battery of Ogles began to play the very next Morning.

This Siege had not continued long before the Governor of the Garriſon became ſufficiently appriſed of all the Works which were carrying on, and having well reconnoitred the Enemy, and diſcovered who

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he was, notwithſtanding a falſe Name, and ſome Diſguiſe of his Perſon, he called a Council of War within his own Breaſt. In Fact, to drop all Allegory, he began to conſider whether his Wife was not really a more valuable Poſſeſſion than he had lately thought her. In ſhort, as he had been diſappointed in her Fortune, he now conceived ſome Hopes of turning her Beauty itſelf into a Fortune.

Without communicating theſe Views to her, he ſoon ſcraped an Acquaintance with his oppoſite Neighbour by the Name which he there uſurped, and counterfeited an entire Ignorance of his real Name and Title. On this Occaſion *Trent* had his Diſguiſe likewiſe, for he affected the utmoſt Simplicity; of which Affectation, as he was a very artful Fellow, he was extremely capable.

The Peer fell plumb into this Snare; and when, by the Simplicity, as he imagined, of the Huſband he became acquainted with the Wife, he was ſo extravagantly charmed with her Perſon, that he reſolved, whatever was the Coſt or the Conſequence, he would poſſeſs her.

His

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His Lordſhip, however, preſerved ſome Caution in his Management of this Affair; more, perhaps, than was neceſſary. As for the Huſband, none was requiſite; for he knew all he could; and with regard to the Wife herſelf, as ſhe had, for ſome Time, perceived the Decreaſe of her Huſband's Affection, (for few Women are, I believe, to be impoſed upon in that Matter) ſhe was not diſpleaſed to find the Return of all that Complaiſance and Endearment, of thoſe Looks and Languiſhments from another agreeable Perſon which ſhe had formerly received from *Trent*, and which ſhe now found ſhe ſhould receive from him no longer.

My Lord, therefore, having been indulged with as much Opportunity as he could wiſh from *Trent*, and having received rather more Encouragement than he could well have hoped from the Lady, began to prepare all Matters for a Storm, when luckily Mr. *Trent* declaring he muſt go out of Town for two Days, he fix'd on the firſt Day of his Departure as the Time of carrying his Deſign into Execution.

And now, after ſome Debate with himſelf in what Manner he ſhould approach

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his Love, he at laſt determined to do it in his own Perſon; for he conceived, and perhaps very rightly, that the Lady, like *Semele*, was not void of Ambition, and would have preferred *Jupiter* in all his Glory to the ſame Deity in the Diſguiſe of an humble Shepherd. He dreſſed himſelf therefore in the richeſt Embroidery of which he was Maſter, and appeared before his Miſtreſs array'd in all the Brightneſs of Peerage. A Sight whoſe Charms ſhe had not the Power to reſiſt, and the Conſequences are only to be imagined. In ſhort, the ſame Scene which *Jupiter* acted with his abovementioned Miſtreſs of old, was more than beginning, when *Trent* burſt from the Cloſet into which he had convey'd himſelf, and unkindly interrupted the Action.

His Lordſhip preſently run to his Sword; but *Trent*, with great Calmneſs, anſwered, that as it was very well known he durſt fight, he ſhould not draw his Sword on this Occaſion: 'For ſure,' ſays he, 'my 'Lord, it would be the higheſt Impru'dence in me to kill a Man who is now 'become ſo conſiderably my Debtor.' At which Words he fetched a Perſon from the Cloſet, who had been confined with him,

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with him, telling him he had done his Buſineſs, and might now, if he pleaſed, retire.

It would be tedious here to amuſe the Reader with all that paſſed on the preſent Occaſion; the Rage and Confuſion of the Wife, or the Perplexity in which my Lord was involved. We will omit therefore all ſuch Matters, and proceed directly to Buſineſs, as *Trent* and his Lordſhip did ſoon after. And in the Concluſion, my Lord ſtipulated to pay a good round Sum, and to provide Mr. *Trent* with a good Place on the firſt Opportunity.

On the Side of Mr. *Trent* were ſtipulated abſolute Remiſſion of all paſt, and full Indulgence for the Time to come.

Trent now immediately took a Houſe at the polite End of the Town, furniſhed it elegantly, ſet up his Equipage, rigged out both himſelf and his Wife with very handſome Cloaths, frequented all publick Places where he could get Admiſſion, puſhed himſelf into Acquaintance, and his Wife ſoon afterwards began to keep an Aſſembly, or in the faſhionable Phraſe, to be at home once a Week; when, by my

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Lord's Assistance, she was presently visited by most Men of the first Rank, and by all such Women of Fashion as are not very nice in their Company.

My Lord's Amour with this Lady lasted not long; for as we have before observed, he was the most inconstant of all human Race. Mrs. *Trent*'s Passion was not however of that Kind which leads to any very deep Resentment of such Fickleness. Her Passion indeed was principally founded upon Interest; so that Foundation served to support another Superstructure; and she was easily prevailed upon, as well as her Husband, to be useful to my Lord in a Capacity, which, though very often exerted in the polite World, hath not, as yet, to my great Surprise, acquired any polite Name, or indeed any which is not too coarse to be admitted in this History.

After this Preface, which we thought necessary to account for a Character of which some of my Country and Collegiate Readers might possibly doubt the Existence, I shall proceed to what more immediately regards Mrs. *Booth*. The Reader may be pleased to remember that Mr. *Trent* was present at the Assembly to

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which *Booth* and his Wife were carried by Mrs *James*, and where *Amelia* was met by the noble Peer.

His Lordſhip ſeeing there that *Booth* and *Trent* were old Acquaintance, failed not, to uſe the Language of Sportſmen, to put *Trent* on upon the Scent of *Amelia*. For this Purpoſe that Gentleman viſited *Booth* the very next Day, and had purſued him cloſe ever ſince. By his Means therefore my Lord learn'd that *Amelia* was to be at the Maſquerade, to which Place ſhe was dogg'd by *Trent* in a Sailor's Jacket, who meeting my Lord according to Agreement, at the Entrance of the Opera-Houſe, like the Four-legged Gentlemen of the ſame Vocation, made a dead Point, as it is called, at the Game.

My Lord was ſo ſatisfied and delighted with his Converſation at the Maſquerade with the ſuppoſed *Amelia*, and the Encouragement which in reality ſhe had given him, that when he ſaw *Trent* the next Morning, he embraced him with great Fondneſs, gave him a Bank Note of 100*l.* and promiſed him both the *Indies* on his Succeſs, of which he began now to have no manner of Doubt.

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The Affair that happened at the Gaming Table, was likewiſe a Scheme of *Trent*'s, on a Hint given by my Lord to him to endeavour to lead *Booth* into ſome Scrape or Diſtreſs, his Lordſhip promiſing to pay whatever Expence *Trent* might be led into by ſuch Means. Upon his Lordſhip's Credit therefore the Money lent to *Booth* was really advanced. And hence aroſe all that ſeeming Generoſity, and Indifference as to the Payment. *Trent* being ſatisfied with the Obligation conferred on *Booth*, by Means of which he hoped to effect his Purpoſe.

But now the Scene was totally changed; for Mrs. *Atkinſon*, the Morning after the Quarrel, beginning ſeriouſly to recollect that ſhe had carried the Matter rather too far, and might really injure *Amelia*'s Reputation, a Thought to which the warm Purſuit of her own Intereſt had a good deal blinded her at the Time, reſolved to viſit my Lord himſelf, and to let him into the whole Story; for, as ſhe had ſucceeded already in her favourite Point, ſhe thought ſhe had no Reaſon to fear any Conſequence of the Diſcovery. This Reſolution ſhe immediately executed.

Trent

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Trent came to attend his Lordſhip juſt after Mrs. *Atkinſon* had left him. He found the Peer in a very ill Humour, and brought no News to comfort or recruit his Spirits; for he had himſelf juſt received a Billet from *Booth*, with an Excuſe for himſelf and his Wife, from accepting the Invitation at *Trent*'s Houſe that Evening, where Matters had been previouſly concerted for their Entertainment; and when his Lordſhip was by Accident to drop into the Room where *Amelia* was, while *Booth* was to be engaged at Play in another.

And now after much Debate, and after *Trent* had acquainted my Lord with the wretched Situation of *Booth*'s Circumſtances, it was reſolved, that *Trent* ſhould immediately demand his Money of *Booth*, and upon his not paying it, for they both concluded it impoſſible he ſhould pay it, to put the Note which *Trent* had for the Money, in Suit againſt him by the genteel Means of paying it away to a nominal third Perſon; and this they both conceived muſt end immediately in the Ruin of *Booth*, and conſequently in the Conqueſt of *Amelia*.

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In this Project, and with this Hope, both my Lord and his Setter, or (if the Sportſmen pleaſe) Setting-Dog, both greatly exulted, and it was next Morning executed, as we have already ſeen.

CHAP. IV.

Containing ſome Diſtreſs.

TRENT's Letter drove *Booth* almoſt to Madneſs. To be indebted to ſuch a Fellow, at any rate, had ſtuck much in his Stomach, and had given him very great Uneaſineſs; but to anſwer this Demand in any other Manner, than by paying the Money, was abſolutely what he could not bear. Again, to pay this Money he very plainly ſaw there was but one Way; and this was by ſtripping his Wife not only of every Farthing, but almoſt of every Rag ſhe had in the World; a Thought ſo dreadful, that it chilled his very Soul with Horrour; and yet Pride at laſt ſeemed to repreſent this as the leſſer Evil of the two.

But how to do this was ſtill a Queſtion. It was not ſure, at leaſt he feared it was not, that *Amelia* herſelf would readily conſent

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ſent to this; and ſo far from perſuading her to ſuch a Meaſure, he could not bear even to propoſe it. At length his Determination was to acquaint his Wife with the whole Affair, and to aſk her Conſent by way of aſking her Advice; for he was well aſſured ſhe could find no other Means of extricating him out of his Dilemma. This he accordingly did, repreſenting the Affair as bad as he could; though indeed it was impoſſible for him to aggravate the real Truth.

Amelia heard him patiently without once interrupting him. When he had finiſhed, ſhe remained ſilent ſome Time: Indeed the Shock ſhe received from this Story, almoſt deprived her of the Power of Speaking. At laſt ſhe anſwered: 'Well, my Dear, 'you aſk my Advice; I certainly can give 'you no other than that the Money muſt 'be paid.'

'But how muſt it be paid?' cries he. 'Oh Heavens! thou ſweeteſt Creature, 'what not once upbraid me for bringing 'this Ruin on thee!'

'Upbraid you, my Dear!' ſaid ſhe— 'Would to Heaven I could prevent your

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upbraiding yourself. But do not despair. I will endeavour by some Means or other to get you the Money.'

'Alas! my dear Love,' cries *Booth*, 'I know the only Way by which you can 'raise it. How can I consent to that? Do 'you forget the Fears you so lately ex- 'pressed of what would be our wretched 'Condition, when our little All was moul- 'dered away?—O, my *Amelia*, they cut 'my very Heart-strings, when you spoke 'then; for I had then lost this little All. 'Indeed I assure you I have not played 'since, nor ever will more.'

'Keep that Resolution,' said she, 'my 'Dear, and I hope we shall yet recover 'the Past'——At which Words casting her Eyes on the Children, the Tears burst from her Eyes, and she cry'd——'Heaven will, 'I hope, provide for us.'

A pathetic Scene now ensued between the Husband and Wife, which would not perhaps please many Readers to see drawn at too full a Length. It is sufficient to say, that this excellent Woman not only used her utmost Endeavours to stifle and con- ceal her own Concern, but said, and did

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every Thing in her Power to allay that of her Husband.

Booth was at this Time to meet a Person whom we have formerly mentioned in the Course of our History. This Gentleman had a Place in the War-Office, and pretended to be a Man of great Interest and Consequence; by which Means he did not only receive great Respect and Court from the inferiour Officers, but actually bubbled several of their Money, by undertaking to do them Services which, in reality, were not within his Power. In Truth, I have known few great Men who have not been beset with one or more such Fellows as these, through whom the inferiour Part of Mankind are obliged to make their Court to the great Men themselves; by which Means, I believe principally, Persons of real Merit have been often deterred from the Attempt; for these subaltern Coxcombs ever assume an equal State with their Masters, and look for an equal Degree of Respect to be paid to them; to which Men of Spirit, who are in every Light their Betters, are not easily brought to submit. These Fellows indeed themselves have a jealous Eye towards all great Abilities, and are sure, to the utmost

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of their Power, to keep all who are so endowed, from the Presence of their Masters. They use their Masters, as bad Ministers have sometimes used a Prince; they keep all Men of Merit from his Ears, and daily sacrifice his true Honour and Interest to their own Profit, and their own Vanity.

As soon as *Booth* was gone to his Appointment with this Man, *Amelia* immediately betook herself to her Business with the highest Resolution. She packed up not only her own little Trinkets, and those of the Children, but the greatest Part of her own poor Cloaths, (for she was but barely provided) and then drove in a Hackney-Coach to the same Pawnbroker's, who had before been recommended to her by Mrs. *Atkinson*. This worthy Person offered to lend her so very little on her Goods, (not the fourth Part of their Value) that she was not able to raise the Sum she wanted.

This dejected the poor Woman to the lowest Degree in the World, and she now determined to sell them outright; but unfortunately she knew not to what Market to carry them. In this Distress, it luckily occurred to her Mind that her Husband had told her there was no kind of Information

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mation whatſoever, which was not to be had at the Univerſal Regiſter-Office. Thither ſhe immediately drove, and was there recommended to a Perſon, who not only advanced her the Money ſhe deſired, but at a much leſs Intereſt than the Pawnbroker would have inſiſted on.

Being now provided with her Sum ſhe returned well pleaſed home; and her Huſband coming in ſoon after, ſhe with much Chearfulneſs delivered him all the Money.

Booth was ſo overjoyed with the Proſpect of diſcharging his Debt to *Trent*, that he did not perfectly reflect on the Diſtreſs to which his Family was now reduced. The good Humour which appeared in the Countenance of *Amelia*, was perhaps another Help to ſtifle thoſe Reflexions; but above all were the Aſſurances he had received from the great Man, whom he had met at a Coffee-Houſe, and who had promiſed to do him all the Service in his Power; which ſeveral halfpay ſubaltern Officers aſſured him was very conſiderable.

With this comfortable News he acquainted his Wife, who either was, or ſeemed to be extremely well pleaſed with it.

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it. And now he ſet out with the Money in his Pocket to pay his Friend *Trent*, who unluckily for him happened not to be at home.

On his return home he met his old Friend the Lieutenant, who thankfully paid him his Crown, and inſiſted on his going with him and taking Part of a Bottle. This Invitation was ſo eager and preſſing, that poor *Booth*, who could not reſiſt much Importunity, complied.

While they were over this Bottle, *Booth* acquainted his Friend with the Promiſes he had received that Afternoon at the Coffee-Houſe, with which the old Gentleman was very well pleaſed: 'For I have heard,' ſays he, 'that Gentleman hath very pow-'erful Intereſt;' but he informed him likewiſe, that he had heard that the great Man muſt be touched; for that he never did any Thing without touching. Of this, indeed, the great Man himſelf had given ſome oblique Hints, by ſaying, with great Sagacity and Slyneſs, that he knew where fifty Pound might be depoſited to much Advantage.

Booth

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Booth answered that he would very readily advance a small Sum, if he had it in his Power, but that at present it was not so; for that he had no more in the World than the Sum of fifty Pounds, which he owed *Trent*, and which he intended to pay him the next Morning.

'It is very right undoubtedly to pay 'your Debts,' says the old Gentleman; 'but sure, on such an Occasion, any Man 'but the rankest Usurer would be contented to stay a little While for his Money; and it will be only a little While I 'am convinced; For if you depositе this 'Sum in the great Man's Hands, I make 'no Doubt but you will succeed immediately in getting your Commission; and 'then I will help you to a Method of 'taking up such a Sum as this.' The old Gentleman persisted in this Advice, and backed it with every Argument he could invent; declaring, as was indeed true, that he gave the same Advice which he would pursue, was the Case his own.

Booth long rejected the Opinion of his Friend; 'till, as they had not argued with dry Lips, he became heated with Wine, and

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and then at laſt the old Gentleman ſucceeded. Indeed, ſuch was his Love either for *Booth*, or for his own Opinion, and perhaps for both, that he omitted nothing in his Power. He even endeavoured to palliate the Character of *Trent*, and unſaid half what he had before ſaid of that Gentleman. In the End he undertook to make *Trent* eaſy, and to go to him the very next Morning for that Purpoſe.

Poor *Booth* at laſt yielded, though with the utmoſt Difficulty. Indeed had he known quite as much of *Trent* as the Reader doth, no Motive whatſoever would have prevailed on him to have taken the old Gentleman's Advice.

CHAP. V.

Containing more Wormwood, and other Ingredients.

IN the Morning *Booth* communicated the Matter to *Amelia*, who told him ſhe would not preſume to adviſe him in an Affair, of which he was ſo much the better Judge.

While

While *Booth* remained in a doubtful State what Conduct to purſue, *Williams* came to make him a Viſit, and informed him that he had been at *Trent*'s Houſe, but found him not at home; adding, that he would pay him a ſecond Viſit that very Day, and would not reſt 'till he found him.

Booth was aſhamed to confeſs his wavering Reſolution, in an Affair in which he had been ſo troubleſome to his Friend; he therefore dreſſed himſelf immediately, and together they both went to wait on the little great Man, to whom *Booth* now hoped to pay his Court in the moſt effectual Manner.

Williams had been longer acquainted with the modern Methods of Buſineſs than *Booth*; he adviſed his Friend therefore to begin with tipping (as it is called) the great Man's Servant. He did ſo, and by that Means got ſpeedy Acceſs to the Maſter.

The great Man received the Money, not as a Gudgeon doth a Bait, but as a Pike receives a poor Gudgeon into his Maw. To ſay the Truth, ſuch Fellows as theſe may

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may well be likened to that voracious Fiſh, who fattens himſelf by devouring all the little Inhabitants of the River. As ſoon as the great Man had pocketed the Caſh, he ſhook *Booth* by the Hand, and told him he would be ſure to ſlip no Opportunity of ſerving him, and would ſend him Word as ſoon as any offered.

Here I ſhall ſtop one Moment, and ſo perhaps will my goodnatured Reader; for ſurely it muſt be a hard Heart which is not affected, with reflecting on the Manner in which this poor little Sum was raiſed, and on the Manner in which it was beſtowed. A worthy Family, the Wife and Children of a Man who had loſt his Blood abroad in the Service of his Country, parting with their little all, and expoſed to Cold and Hunger, to pamper ſuch a Fellow as this.

And if any ſuch Reader, as I mention, ſhould happen to be in reality a great Man, and in Power, perhaps the Horrour of this Picture may induce him to put a final End to this abominable Practice of touching, as it is called; by which indeed a Set of Leaches are permitted to ſuck the Blood of the Brave and the Indigent; of the Widow and the Orphan. *Booth*

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Booth now returned home, where he found his Wife with Mrs. *James*. *Amelia* had, before the Arrival of her Husband, absolutely refused Mrs. *James*'s Invitation to Dinner the next Day; but when *Booth* came in, the Lady renewed her Application, and that in so pressing a Manner, that *Booth* seconded her; for tho' he had enough of Jealousy in his Temper; yet such was his Friendship to the Colonel, and such his Gratitude to the Obligations which he had received from him, that his own Unwillingness to believe any Thing of him, co-operating with *Amelia*'s Endeavours to put every Thing in the fairest Light, had brought him to acquit his Friend of any ill Design. To this perhaps the late Affair concerning my Lord had moreover contributed: For it seems to me, that the same Passion cannot much energize on two different Objects at one and the same Time: an Observation which I believe will hold as true, with regard to the cruel Passions of Jealousy and Anger, as to the gentle Passion of Love, in which one great and mighty Object is sure to engage the whole Passion.

When

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When *Booth* grew importunate, *Amelia* answered, 'My Dear, I should not refuse 'you whatever was in my Power; but 'this is absolutely out of my Power; for 'since I must declare the Truth, I cannot 'dress myself.

'Why so?' said Mrs. *James*, 'I am 'sure you are very well.'

'Is there no other Impediment to Dres-'sing but Health, Madam?' answered *Amelia*.

'Upon my Word none that I know of,' replied Mrs. *James*.

'What do you think of want of Cloaths, 'Madam?' said *Amelia*.

'Ridiculous!' cried Mrs. *James*. 'What 'need have you to dress yourself out?— 'You will see no Body but our own Fa-'mily, and I promise you I don't expect 'it.—A plain Night-Gown will do very 'well.'

'But if I must be plain with you, Ma-'dam, said *Amelia*, I have no other Cloaths 'but

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'but what I have now on my Back.—— 'I have not even a clean Shift in the 'World: for you muſt know, my Dear, 'ſaid ſhe to *Booth*, that little *Betty* is 'walk'd off this Morning, and hath 'carried all my Linen with her.

'How, my Dear, cries *Booth*, little '*Betty* robb'd you!

'It is even ſo, anſwer'd *Amelia*. Indeed 'ſhe ſpoke Truth; for little *Betty* having 'perceiv'd the Evening before that her 'Miſtreſs was moving her Goods, was 'willing to lend all the Aſſiſtance in her 'Power, and had accordingly mov'd off 'early that Morning, taking with her 'whatever ſhe could lay her Hands on.

Booth expreſſed himſelf with ſome Paſſion on the Occaſion, and ſwore he would make an Example of the Girl. 'If 'the little Slut be above Ground, cried 'he, I will find her out and bring her to 'Juſtice.

'I am really ſorry for this Accident, ſaid 'Mrs. *James*, and (tho' I know not how to 'mention it) I beg you'll give me Leave to 'offer

'offer you any Linen of mine, 'till you 'can make new of your own.

Amelia thank'd Mrs. *James*, but declin'd the Favour, saying she should do well enough at home; and that as she had no Servant now to take Care of her Children, she could not, nor would not leave them on any Account.

'Then bring Master and Miss with you, 'said Mrs. *James*. You shall positively 'dine with us To-morrow.

'I beg, Madam, you will mention it 'no more, said *Amelia*; for besides the 'substantial Reasons I have already given, 'I have some Things on my Mind at 'present which make me unfit for Com-'pany; and I am resolved nothing shall 'prevail on me to stir from home.

Mrs. *James* had carried her Invitation already to the very utmost Limits of Good-Breeding, if not beyond them. She desisted therefore from going any further, and after some short Stay longer took her Leave, with many Expressions of Concern, which however great as it was left her Heart and her Mouth together, before she was out of the House. *Booth*

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Booth now declar'd that he would go in Purſuit of little *Betty*, againſt whom he vowed ſo much Vengeance, that *Amelia* endeavour'd to moderate his Anger by repreſenting to him the Girl's Youth, and that this was the firſt Fault ſhe had ever been guilty of. 'Indeed, ſays ſhe, I 'ſhould be very glad to have my Things 'again, and I would have the Girl too 'puniſh'd in ſome Degree, which might 'poſſibly be for her own Good; but I 'tremble to think of taking away her 'Life: for *Booth* in his Rage had ſworn 'he would hang her.

'I know the Tenderneſs of your Heart, 'my Dear, ſaid *Booth*, and I love you 'for it; but I muſt beg Leave to diſſent 'from your Opinion. I do not think the 'Girl in any Light an Object of Mercy. 'She is not only guilty of Diſhoneſty, 'but of Cruelty: for ſhe muſt know our 'Situation, and the very little we had 'left. She is beſides guilty of Ingratitude 'to you, who have treated her with ſo 'much Kindneſs, that you have rather 'acted the Part of a Mother than of a 'Miſtreſs. And ſo far from thinking her 'Youth an Excuſe, I think it rather an

'Aggra-

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'Aggravation. It is true indeed there 'are Faults which the Youth of the Party 'very ſtrongly recommends to our Par- 'don. Such are all thoſe which proceed 'from Careleſſneſs, and Want of Thought; 'but Crimes of this black Die, which 'are committed with Deliberation and 'imply a bad Mind, deſerve a more ſevere 'Puniſhment in a young Perſon than in 'one of riper Years: for what muſt 'the Mind be in old Age which hath ac- 'quir'd ſuch a Degree of Perfection in 'Villainy ſo very early! Such Perſons as 'theſe it is really a Charity to the Public 'to put out of the Society; and indeed 'a Religious Man would put them out of 'the World for the Sake of themſelves; 'for whoever underſtands any Thing of 'Human Nature muſt know, that ſuch 'People the longer they live, the more 'they will accumulate Vice and Wic- 'kedneſs.

'Well, my Dear, cries *Amelia*, I cannot 'argue with you on theſe Subjects. I ſhall 'always ſubmit to your ſuperior Judg- 'ment, and I know you too well to think 'that you will ever do any Thing cruel.

Booth

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Booth then left *Amelia* to the Care of her Children, and went in Purſuit of the Thief.

CHAP. VI.

A Scene of the Tragic Kind.

HE had not been long gone, before a thundring Knock was heard at the Door of the Houſe where *Amelia* lodged, and preſently after a Figure all pale, ghaſtly, and almoſt breathleſs, ruſh'd into the Room where ſhe then was with her Children.

This Figure *Amelia* ſoon recognized to be Mrs. *Atkinſon*, tho' indeed ſhe was ſo diſguiſed that at her firſt Entrance *Amelia* ſcarce knew her. Her Eyes were ſunk in her Head, her Hair diſhevelled, and not only her Dreſs but every Feature in her Face was in the utmoſt Diſorder.

Amelia was greatly ſhock'd at this Sight, and the little Girl was much frightned; as for the Boy he immediately knew her, and running to *Amelia*, he cried, 'La! 'Mamma,

'Mamma, what is the Matter with poor 'Mrs. *Atkinſon*?'

As ſoon as Mrs. *Atkinſon* recover'd her Breath, ſhe cried out——'O Mrs. *Booth*, 'I am the moſt miſerable of Women; I 'have loſt the beſt of Huſbands.'

Amelia looking at her with all the Tenderneſs imaginable; forgetting, I believe, that there had ever been any Quarrel between them——ſaid——'Good Heavens, 'Madam, what's the Matter?

'O Mrs. *Booth*, anſwer'd ſhe, I fear I 'have loſt my Huſband. The Doctor 'ſays, there is but little Hope of his Life. 'O Madam, however I have been in the 'Wrong I am ſure you will forgive me 'and pity me. I am ſure I am ſeverely 'puniſh'd: for to that curſed Affair I owe 'all my Miſery.

'Indeed, Madam, cries *Amelia*, I am 'extremely concern'd for your Misfor'tune. But pray tell me hath any Thing 'happen'd to the Serjeant?

'O Madam, cries ſhe, I have the great'eſt Reaſon to fear I ſhall loſe him. The 'Doctor

'Doctor hath almoſt given him over.——
'He ſays he hath ſcarce any Hopes.——
'O Madam, that Evening that the fatal
'Quarrel happen'd between us, my dear
'Captain took it ſo to Heart, that he ſat
'up all Night and drank a whole Bottle
'of Brandy.——Indeed, he ſaid, he
'wiſh'd to kill himſelf: for nothing could
'have hurt him ſo much in the World,
'he ſaid, as to have any Quarrel between
'you and me. His Concern and what
'he drank together threw him into a high
'Fever.——So that when I came home
'from my Lord's—(for indeed, Madam,
'I have been and ſet all to Rights——
'Your Reputation is now in no Danger.)
'When I came home, I ſay, I found the
'poor Man in a raving delirious Fit, and
'in that he hath continued ever ſince 'till
'about an Hour ago, when he came per-
'fectly to his Senſes; but now he ſays he
'is ſure he ſhall die, and begs for Heaven's
'Sake to ſee you firſt. Would you, Ma-
'dam, would you have the Goodneſs to
'grant my poor Captain's Deſire; conſi-
'der he is a dying Man, and neither he
'nor I ſhall ever aſk you a ſecond Favour.
'He ſays he hath ſomething to ſay to you
'that he can mention to no other Perſon,

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'and that he cannot die in Peace unless 'he sees you.

'Upon my Word, Madam, cries *Amelia*, 'I am extremely concern'd at what 'you tell me: I knew the poor Serjeant 'from his Infancy, and always had an 'Affection for him, as I think him to be 'one of the best-natur'd and honestest 'Creatures upon Earth. I am sure if I 'could do him any Service,——but of 'what Use can my going be?——

'Of the highest in the World, answer'd 'Mrs. *Atkinson*. If you knew how earnestly he entreated it, how his poor 'breaking Heart begged to see you, you 'would not refuse.——

'Nay, I do not absolutely refuse, cries '*Amelia*.——Something to say to me of 'Consequence, and that he could not die 'in Peace, unless he said it.—Did he say 'that, Mrs. *Atkinson*?

'Upon my Honour he did, answer'd 'she, and much more than I have related.

'Well,

'Well, I will go with you,' cries *Amelia*. 'I cannot guess what this should be; 'but I will go.'

Mrs. *Atkinson* then poured out a thousand Blessings and Thanksgivings; and taking hold of *Amelia*'s Hand, and eagerly kissing it, cried out—'How could that 'fury Passion drive me to quarrel with 'such a Creature?'

Amelia told her she had forgiven and forgot it; and then calling up the Mistress of the House, and committing to her the Care of the Children, she cloaked herself up as well as she could, and set out with Mrs. *Atkinson*.

When they arrived at the House, Mrs. *Atkinson* said she would go first and give the Captain some Notice; for that if *Amelia* entered the Room unexpectedly, the Surprize might have an ill Effect. She left therefore *Amelia* in the Parlour, and proceeded directly up Stairs.

Poor *Atkinson*, weak and bad as was his Condition, no sooner heard that *Amelia* was come, than he discovered great Joy in his

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Countenance, and presently afterwards she was introduced to him.

Atkinson exerted his utmost Strength to thank her for this Goodness to a dying Man, (for so he called himself.) He said he should not have presumed to give her this Trouble, had he not had something, which he thought of Consequence, to say to her, and which he could not mention to any other Person. He then desired his Wife to give him a little Box, of which he always kept the Key himself, and afterwards begged her to leave the Room for a few Minutes; at which neither she, nor *Amelia*, expressed any Dissatisfaction.

When he was alone with *Amelia*, he spoke as follows: 'This, Madam, is the 'last Time my Eyes will ever behold 'what——Do pardon me, Madam, I will 'never offend you more.'——Here he sunk down in his Bed, and the Tears gushed from his Eyes.

'Why should you fear to offend me, '*Joe*,' said *Amelia*? 'I am sure you never 'did any Thing willingly to offend me.'

'No,

'No, Madam,' anſwered he, 'I would 'die a thouſand Times, before I would 'have ventured it in the ſmalleſt Matter. 'But——I cannot ſpeak—and yet I muſt. 'You cannot pardon me, and yet perhaps 'as I am a dying Man, and never ſhall ſee 'you more.——Indeed, if I was to live 'after this Diſcovery, I ſhould never dare 'to look you in the Face again——and 'yet, Madam, to think I ſhall never ſee 'you more is worſe than ten thouſand 'Deaths.

'Indeed, Mr. *Atkinſon*,' cries *Amelia*, bluſhing, and looking down on the Floor, 'I muſt not hear you talk in this manner. 'If you have any thing to ſay, tell it me, 'and do not be afraid of my Anger; for I 'think I may promiſe to forgive whatever 'it was poſſible you ſhould do.

'Here then, Madam,' ſaid he, 'is your 'Picture, I ſtole it when I was eighteen 'Years of Age, and have kept it ever 'ſince. It is ſet in Gold, with three little 'Diamonds; and yet I can truly ſay, it 'was not the Gold nor the Diamonds 'which I ſtole——it was that Face which, 'if I had been the Emperor of the World—

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'I must not hear any more of this;' said she,—'comfort yourself, *Joe*, and 'think no more of this Matter. Be assured I freely and heartily forgive you.—'But pray compose yourself; come, let 'me call in your Wife.——

'First, Madam, let me beg one Favour'—cried he, 'consider it is the last, 'and then I shall die in Peace——let me 'kiss that Hand before I die.

'Well, nay,' says she, 'I don't know 'what I am doing—well—there—she then 'carelessly gave him her Hand, which 'he put gently to his Lips, and then 'presently let it drop and fell back in the 'Bed.'

Amelia now summoned Mrs. *Atkinson*, who was indeed no further off than just without the Door. She then hastened down Stairs and called for a great Glass of Water, which having drank off, she threw herself into a Chair, and the Tears ran plentifully from her Eyes with Compassion for the poor Wretch she had just left in his Bed.

To

To say the Truth, without any Injury to her Chastity, that Heart which had stood firm as a Rock to all the Attacks of Title and Equipage, of Finery and Flattery, and which all the Treasures of the Universe could not have purchased, was yet a little softened by the plain, honest, modest, involuntary, delicate, heroic Passion of this poor and humble Swain; for whom, in spite of herself, she felt a momentary Tenderness and Complacence, at which *Booth*, if he had known it, would perhaps have been displeased.

Having staid some Time in the Parlour, and not finding Mrs. *Atkinson* come down, (for indeed her Husband was then so bad she could not quit him) *Amelia* left a Message with the Maid of the House for her Mistress, purporting that she should be ready to do any thing in her Power to serve her, and then left the House with a Confusion on her Mind that she had never felt before, and which any Chastity that is not known out of Marble must feel on so tender and delicate an Occasion.

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CHAP. VII.

In which Mr. Booth *meets with more than one Adventure.*

BOOTH having hunted about for two Hours at laſt ſaw a young Lady in a tattered Silk Gown, ſtepping out of a Shop in *Monmouth-Street* into a Hackney Coach. This Lady, notwithſtanding the Diſguiſe of her Dreſs, he preſently diſcovered to be no other than little *Betty*.

He inſtantly gave the Alarm of ſtop Thief, ſtop Coach; Upon which, Mrs. *Betty* was immediately ſtopt in her Vehicle, and *Booth* and his Myrmidons laid hold of her.

The Girl no ſooner found that ſhe was ſeiſed by her Maſter, than the Conſciouſneſs of her Guilt overpowered her; for ſhe was not yet an experienced Offender, and ſhe immediately confeſſed her Crime.

She was then carried before a Juſtice of Peace, where ſhe was ſearched, and there was found in her Poſſeſſion four Shillings and Sixpence in Money, beſides the Silk

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Gown, which was indeed proper Furniture for Rag Fair, and ſcarce worth a ſingle Farthing, though the honeſt Shopkeeper in *Monmouth-Street* had ſold it for a Crown to this ſimple Girl.

The Girl being examined by the Magiſtrate, ſpoke as follows: 'Indeed, Sir, 'an't pleaſe your Worſhip, I am very 'ſorry for what I have done; and to be 'ſure, an't pleaſe your Honour, my Lord, 'it muſt have been the Devil that put me 'upon it; for to be ſure, pleaſe your 'Majeſty, I never thought upon ſuch a 'Thing in my whole Life before, any 'more than I did of my dying Day; but 'indeed, Sir, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.—

She was running on in this Manner when the Juſtice interrupted her, and deſir'd her to give an Account what ſhe had taken from her Maſter, and what ſhe had done with it.

'Indeed, an't pleaſe your Majeſty,' ſaid ſhe, 'I took no more than two Shifts 'of Madam's, and I pawned them for five 'Shillings, which I gave for the Gown 'that's upon my Back; and as for the 'Money in my Pocket, it is every Farthing 'of it my own. I am ſure I intended to

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'carry back the Shifts too as soon as ever 'I could get Money to take them out.'

The Girl having told them where the Pawnbroker lived, the Justice sent to him, to produce the Shifts, which he presently did; for he expected that a Warrant to search his House would be the Consequence of his Refusal.

The Shifts being produced, on which the honest Pownbroker had lent five Shillings, appeared plainly to be worth above thirty, indeed when new they had cost much more. So that by their Goodness, as well as by their Size, it was certain they could not have belonged to the Girl.

Booth grew very warm against the Pawnbroker. 'I hope, Sir,' said he to the Justice, 'there is some Punishment for this 'Fellow likewise, who so plainly appears 'to have known that these Goods were 'stolen. The Shops of these Fellows may 'indeed be called the Fountains of Theft: 'For it is in reality the Encouragement 'which they meet with from these Receivers 'of their Goods that induces Men very often to become Thieves, so that these de-

serve

'ſerve equal, if not ſeverer Puniſhment
'than the Thieves themſelves.'

The Pawnbroker proteſted his Innocence. And denied the taking in the Shifts. Indeed in this he ſpoke Truth; for he had ſlipt into an inner Room, as was always his Cuſtom on theſe Occaſions, and left a little Boy to do the Buſineſs; by which Means he had carried on the Trade of receiving ſtolen Goods for many Years with Impunity, and had been twice acquitted at the *Old Baily*, though the Juggle appeared upon the moſt manifeſt Evidence.

As the Juſtice was going to ſpeak he was interrupted by the Girl, who falling upon her Knees to *Booth* with many Tears, begged his Forgiveneſs.

'Indeed, *Betty*,' cries *Booth*, 'you do
'not deſerve Forgiveneſs; for you know
'very good Reaſons why you ſhould not
'have thought of robbing your Miſtreſs,
'particularly at this Time. And what
'further Aggravates your Crime is, that
'you have robbed the beſt and kindeſt
'Miſtreſs in the World. Nay, you are
'not only guilty of Felony, but of a felo-
'nious Breach of Truſt; for you know
'very

'very well every thing your Miſtreſs had, 'was intruſted to your Care.'

Now it happened by very great Accident that the Juſtice before whom the Girl was brought, underſtood the Law. Turning therefore to *Booth* he ſaid, 'Do you 'ſay, Sir, that this Girl was intruſted with 'the Shifts?

'Yes, Sir,' ſaid *Booth*, 'ſhe was in-'truſted with every thing?

'And will you ſwear that the Goods 'ſtolen,' ſaid the Juſtice, 'are worth forty 'Shillings?

'No indeed, Sir, anſwered *Booth*, nor 'that they are worth thirty either.

'Then, Sir, cries the Juſtice, 'the Girl 'cannot be guilty of Felony.

'How, Sir,' ſaid *Booth*, 'is it not a 'Breach of Truſt? And is not a Breach of 'Truſt Felony, and the worſt Felony too?

'No, Sir,' anſwered the Juſtice, 'a 'Breach of Truſt is no Crime in our Law, 'unleſs it be in a Servant; and then the 'Act

'Act of Parliament requires the Goods 'taken to be of the Value of forty Shil-'lings.

'So then a Servant,' cries *Booth*, 'may 'rob his Maſter of thirty-nine Shillings 'whenever he pleaſes, and he can't be 'puniſhed.

'If the Goods are under his Care, he 'can't,' cries the Juſtice.

'I aſk your Pardon, Sir,' ſays *Booth*. 'I do not doubt what you ſay; but ſure 'this is a very extraordinary Law.

'Perhaps I think ſo too,' ſaid the Juſtice; 'but it belongs not to my Office 'to make or to mend Laws. My Buſineſs is only to execute them. If there-'fore the Caſe be as you ſay, I muſt diſ-'charge the Girl.

'I hope however, you will puniſh the 'Pawnbroker,' cries *Booth*.

'If the Girl is diſcharged,' cries the Juſtice, 'ſo muſt be the Pawnbroker: For 'if the Goods are not ſtolen, he cannot be 'guilty of receiving them, knowing them

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'to be ſtolen. And beſides as to his Of-
'fence, to ſay the Truth, I am almoſt
'weary of proſecuting it; for ſuch are the
'Difficulties laid in the Way of this Pro-
'ecution, that it is almoſt impoſſible to
'convict any one on it. And to ſpeak my
'Opinion plainly, ſuch are the Laws, and
'ſuch the Method of Proceeding, that one
'would almoſt think our Laws were ra-
'ther made for the Protection of Rogues,
'than for the Puniſhment of them.'

Thus ended this Examination; the Thief and the Receiver went about their Buſineſs, and *Booth* departed, in order to go home to his Wife.

In his Way home, *Booth* was met by a Lady in a Chair; who, immediately upon ſeeing him, ſtopt her Chair, bolted out of it, and going directly up to him, ſaid: 'So, Mr. *Booth*, you have kept your Word 'with me.'

This Lady was no other than Miſs *Mathews*, and the Speech ſhe meant was of a Promiſe made to her at the Maſquerade, of viſiting her within a Day or two; which whether he ever intended to keep I cannot ſay, but in Truth the ſeveral Ac-

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cidents that had ſince happened to him, had ſo diſcompoſed his Mind, that he had abſolutely forgot it.

Booth however was too ſenſible, and too well bred, to make the Excuſe of Forgetfulneſs to a Lady; nor could he readily find any other. While he ſtood therefore heſitating, and looking not over wiſe, Miſs *Mathews* ſaid: 'Well, Sir, ſince by your 'Confuſion I ſee you have ſome Grace 'left, I will pardon you on one Conditi'on, and that is, that you will ſup with 'me this Night. But if you fail me now, 'expect all the Revenge of an injured 'Woman.' She then bound herſelf by a moſt outrageous Oath, that ſhe would complain to his Wife—'And I am ſure,' ſays ſhe, 'ſhe is ſo much a Woman of 'Honour, as to do me Juſtice.—And tho' 'I miſcarried in my firſt Attempt, be aſ'ſured I will take Care of my ſecond.'

Booth aſked what ſhe meant by her firſt Attempt; to which ſhe anſwered, that ſhe had already writ his Wife an Account of his ill Uſage of her, but that ſhe was pleaſed it had miſcarried. She then repeated her Aſſeverations, that ſhe would now do it effectually if he diſappointed her.

This

This Threat she reckoned would most certainly terrify poor *Booth*; and indeed she was not mistaken; for I believe it would have been impossible, by any other Menace, or by any other Means, to have brought him once even to balance in his Mind on this Question. But by this Threat she prevailed; and *Booth* promised, upon his Word and Honour, to come to her at the Hour she appointed. After which she took Leave of him with a Squeeze by the Hand, and a smiling Countenance, and walked back to her Chair.

But however she might be pleased with having obtained this Promise, *Booth* was far from being delighted with the Thoughts of having given it. He looked indeed upon the Consequences of this Meeting with Horrour; but as to the Consequence which was so apparently intended by the Lady, he resolved against it. At length he came to this Determination; to go according to his Appointment, to argue the Matter with the Lady, and to convince her, if possible, that from a regard to his Honour only, he must discontinue her Acquaintance. If this failed to satisfy her, and she still persisted in her Threats to acquaint his Wife with the

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the Affair, he then reſolved, whatever Pains it coſt him, to communicate the whole Truth himſelf to *Amelia*, from whoſe Goodneſs he doubted not but to obtain an abſolute Remiſſion.

CHAP. VIII.

In which Amelia *appears in a Light more amiable than gay.*

WE will now return to *Amelia*, whom we left in ſome Perturbation of Mind departing from Mrs. *Atkinſon*.

Though ſhe had before walked through the Streets in a very improper Dreſs with Mrs. *Atkinſon*, ſhe was unwilling, eſpecially as ſhe was alone, to return in the ſame Manner. Indeed ſhe was ſcarce able to walk in her preſent Condition; for the Caſe of poor *Atkinſon* had much affected her tender Heart, and her Eyes had overflown with many Tears.

It occurred likewiſe to her at preſent, that ſhe had not a ſingle Shilling in her Pocket, or at home, to provide Food for herſelf and her Family. In this Situation ſhe reſolved to go immediately to the Gentleman

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tleman recommended to her by the Regiſter-Office, and to depoſite her Picture for what ſhe could raiſe upon it. She then immediately took a Chair, and put her Deſign in Execution.

The intrinſic Value of the Gold, in which this Picture was ſet, and of the little Diamonds which ſurrounded it, amounted to nine Guineas. This therefore was advanced to her, and the prettieſt Face in the World (ſuch is often the Fate of Beauty) was depoſited, as of no Value into the Bargain.

When ſhe came home, ſhe found the following Letter from Mrs. *Atkinſon*.

'*My deareſt Madam*,

'As I know your Goodneſs, I could 'not delay a Moment acquainting you 'with the happy Turn of my Affairs ſince 'you went. The great Doctor, who be'fore attended the Captain, having given 'him over, I was adviſed to ſend for a 'Gentleman, of whom a Friend of the 'Captain's gives me the greateſt Charac'ter; though my Apothecary ſays he kills 'every one he comes near. This Gentle'man, the Moment he came, aſſured me 'my Huſband, the Captain, was on the 're-

'recovery, and in very little Danger; and 'I really think he is ſince mended. I 'hope to wait on you ſoon with better 'News; for I really think the true *Machaon*, of whom *Homer* ſpeaks ſo greatly, 'is come to the Captain's Aſſiſtance. Heavens bleſs you, dear Madam, and believe 'me to be, with the utmoſt Sincerity,

'*Your moſt obliged,*

'*obedient humble Servant,*

'Atkinſon.'

Amelia was really pleaſed with this Letter; and now it being paſt Four o'Clock, ſhe deſpaired of ſeeing the Captain till the Evening. She therefore provided ſome Tarts for her Children, and then eating nothing but a Slice of Bread and Butter herſelf, ſhe began to prepare for her Huſband's Supper.

There were two Things of which her Huſband was particularly fond, which, though it may bring the Simplicity of his Taſte into great Contempt with ſome of my Readers, I will venture to name. Theſe were a Fowl and Egg Sauce, and Mutton Broth; both which *Amelia* immediately purchaſed.

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As ſoon as the Clock ſtruck ſeven, the good Creature went down into the Kitchin, and began to exerciſe her Talents of Cookery, of which ſhe was a great Miſtreſs, as ſhe was of every Œconomical Office, from the higheſt to the loweſt; and as no Woman could outſhine her in a Drawing-Room, ſo none could make the Drawing-Room itſelf ſhine brighter than *Amelia*. And if I may ſpeak a bold Truth, I queſtion whether it be poſſible to view this fine Creature in a more amiable Light, than while ſhe was dreſſing her Huſband's Supper with her little Children playing round her.

It was now half an Hour paſt Eight, and the Meat almoſt ready, the Table likewiſe neatly ſpread with Materials, borrowed from her Landlady, and ſhe began to grow a little uneaſy at *Booth*'s not returning; when a ſudden Knock at the Door rouſed her Spirits, and ſhe cried, 'There, my Dear, 'there is your good Papa;' at which Words ſhe darted ſwiftly up Stairs, and opened the Door to her Huſband.

She deſired her Huſband to walk up into the Dining-Room, and ſhe would come to him

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him in an Inſtant; for ſhe was deſirous to encreaſe his Pleaſure, by ſurpriſing him with his two favourite Diſhes. She then went down again to the Kitchin, where the Maid of the Houſe undertook to ſend up the Supper, and ſhe with her Children returned to *Booth*.

He then told her conciſely what had happened, with relation to the Girl—To which ſhe ſcarce made any Anſwer; but aſked him if he had not dined. He aſſured her he had not eat a Morſel the whole Day. 'Well,' ſays ſhe, 'my Dear, I am 'a Fellow-ſufferer; but we ſhall both en-'joy our Supper the more: For I have 'made a little Proviſion for you, as I 'gueſſed what might be the Caſe. I have 'got you a Bottle of Wine too. And 'here is a clean Cloth and a ſmiling Coun-'tenance, my dear *Will*. Indeed I am in 'unuſual good Spirits To-night; and I 'have made a Promiſe to the Children, 'which you muſt confirm; I have pro-'miſed to let them ſit up this one Night 'to Supper with us.——Nay, don't look 'ſo ſerious; caſt off all uneaſy Thoughts '—I have a Preſent for you here—No 'Matter how I came by it.'——At which Words ſhe put eight Guineas into his Hand,

Hand, crying: 'Come, my dear *Bill*, 'be gay—Fortune will yet be kind to us—'at least let us be happy this Night. In'deed the Pleasures of many Women, 'during their whole Lives, will not amount 'to my Happiness this Night, if you will 'be in good Humour.'

Booth fetched a deep Sigh, and cried—'How unhappy am I, my Dear, that I 'can't sup with you To-night!'

As in the delightful Month of *June*, when the Sky is all serene, and the whole Face of Nature looks with a pleased and smiling Aspect, suddenly a dark Cloud spreads itself over the Hemisphere, the Sun vanishes from our Sight, and every Object is obscured by a dark and horrid Gloom. So happened it to *Amelia*; the Joy that had enlightened every Feature disappeared in a Moment; the Lustre forsook her shining Eyes; and all the little Loves, that played and wantoned in her Cheeks, hung their drooping Heads, and with a faint trembling Voice she repeated her Husband's Words: 'Not sup with me to Night, 'my Dear!'

'In-

'Indeed, my Dear,' answered he, 'I 'cannot. I need not tell you how uneasy 'it makes me, or that I am as much dis-'appointed as yourself; but I am engag-'ed to sup abroad. I have absolutely given 'my Honour; and besides, it is on Business 'of Importance.'

'My Dear,' said she, 'I say no more. 'I am convinced you would not willingly 'sup from me. I own it is a very parti-'cular Disappointment to me to Night, 'when I had proposed unusual Pleasure; 'but the same Reason which is sufficient 'to you, ought to be so to me.'

Booth made his Wife a Compliment on her ready Compliance, and then asked her, what she intended by giving him that Money, or how she came by it.

'I intend, my Dear,' said she, 'to 'give it you; that is all. As to the Man-'ner in which I came by it, you know, '*Billy*, that is not very material. You 'are well assured I got it by no Means 'which would displease you; and perhaps 'another Time I may tell you.'

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Booth aſked no farther Queſtions; but he returned her, and inſiſted on her taking all but one Guinea, ſaying ſhe was the ſafeſt Treaſurer. He then promiſed her to make all the Haſte home in his Power, and he hoped, he ſaid, to be with her in an Hour and Half at fartheſt, and then took his Leave.

When he was gone, the poor diſappointed *Amelia* ſat down to Supper with her Children; with whoſe Company ſhe was forced to conſole herſelf for the Abſence of her Huſband.

CHAP. IX.

A very tragic Scene.

THE Clock had ſtruck Eleven, and *Amelia* was juſt proceeding to put her Children to Bed, when ſhe heard a Knock at the Street Door. Upon which the Boy cried out, 'There's Papa, Mamma, 'pray let me ſtay and ſee him before I 'go to Bed.' This was a Favour very eaſily obtained; for *Amelia* inſtantly ran down Stairs, exulting in the Goodneſs of her Huſband for returning ſo ſoon, though Half

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Half an Hour was already elapſed beyond the Time in which he promiſed to return.

Poor *Amelia* was now again diſappointed; for it was not her Huſband at the Door, but a Servant with a Letter for him, which he delivered into her Hands. She immediately returned up Stairs, and ſaid—'It 'was not your Papa, my Dear; but I 'hope it is one who hath brought us ſome 'good News.' For *Booth* had told her, that he hourly expected to receive ſuch from the great Man, and had deſired her to open any Letter which came to him in his Abſence.

Amelia therefore broke open the Letter, and read as follows.

'SIR,

'After what hath paſt between us, I 'need only tell you that I know you ſup-'ped this very Night alone with Miſs '*Mathews*: a Fact which will upbraid 'you ſufficiently, without putting me to 'that Trouble; and will very well account 'for my deſiring the Favour of ſeeing you 'To-morrow in *Hide-Park* at Six in the 'Morning. You will forgive me remind-

'ing you once more how inexcuſable this 'Behaviour is in you who are poſſeſſed in 'your own Wife of the moſt ineſtimable 'Jewel.

'*Yours*, &c.

'T. James.

'I ſhall bring Piſtols with me.'

It is not eaſy to deſcribe the Agitation of *Amelia*'s Mind when ſhe read this Letter. She threw herſelf into her Chair, turned as pale as Death, began to tremble all over, and had juſt Power enough left to tap the Bottle of Wine, which ſhe had hitherto preſerved entire for her Huſband, and to drink off a large Bumper.

The little Boy perceived the ſtrange Symptoms which appeared in his Mother; and running to her, he cried, 'What's the 'Matter, my dear Mamma, you don't 'look well?—No Harm hath happened to 'poor Papa, I hope—Sure that bad Man 'hath not carried him away again.'

Amelia anſwered, 'No, Child, nothing '—nothing at all.'——And then a large Shower of Tears came to her Aſſiſtance; which preſently after produced the ſame in the Eyes of both the Children.

Amelia,

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Amelia, after a ſhort Silence, looking tenderly at her Children, cry'd out, 'It 'is too much, too much to bear. Why 'did I bring theſe little Wretches into 'the World! Why were theſe Innocents 'born to ſuch a Fate!'—She then threw her Arms round them both, (for they were before embracing her Knees) and cried, 'O my Children! my Children! Forgive 'me, my Babes—Forgive me that I have 'brought you into ſuch a World as this. 'You are undone—my Children are un-'done.'

The little Boy anſwered with great Spirit, 'How undone, Mamma? My Siſter and 'I don't care a Farthing for being undone '—Don't cry ſo upon our Accounts—we 'are both very well; indeed we are—— 'But do pray tell us, I am ſure ſome 'Accident hath happened to poor Papa.'

'Mention him no more,' cries *Amelia*—'your Papa is—indeed he is a wicked 'Man—he cares not for any of us——O 'Heavens, is this the Happineſs I promiſ-'ed myſelf this Evening!'——At which Words ſhe fell into an Agony, holding both her Children in her Arms.

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The Maid of the Houſe now entered the Room, with a Letter in her Hand, which ſhe had received from a Porter, whoſe Arrival the Reader will not wonder to have been unheard by *Amelia* in her preſent Condition.

The Maid, upon her Entrance into the Room, perceiving the Situation of *Amelia*, cried out, 'Good Heavens! Madam, 'what's the Matter?' Upon which *Amelia*, who had a little recovered herſelf after the laſt violent Vent of her Paſſion, ſtarted up and cried—'Nothing, Mrs. *Suſan*—nothing 'extraordinary. I am ſubject to theſe 'Fits ſometimes; but I am very well 'now. Come, my dear Children, I am 'very well again; indeed I am. You 'muſt now go to Bed; Mrs. *Suſan* will 'be ſo good as to put you to Bed.'

'But why doth not Papa love us?' cries the little Boy, 'I am ſure we have 'none of us done any Thing to diſoblige 'him.'

This innocent Queſtion of the Child ſo ſtung *Amelia*, that ſhe had the utmoſt Difficulty to prevent a Relapſe. However ſhe

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ſhe took another Dram of Wine; for ſo it might be called to her, who was the moſt temperate of Women, and never exceeded three Glaſſes on any Occaſion. In this Glaſs ſhe drank her Children's Health, and ſoon after ſo well ſoothed, and compoſed them, that they went quietly away with Mrs. *Suſan*.

The Maid, in the Shock ſhe had conceived at the melancholy, indeed frightful Scene, which had preſented itſelf to her at her firſt coming into the Room, had quite forgot the Letter, which ſhe held in her Hand. However, juſt at her Departure, ſhe recollected it, and delivered it to *Amelia*; who was no ſooner alone, than ſhe opened it, and read as follows.

'*My deareſt ſweeteſt Love*,

'I write this from the Bailiff's Houſe, 'where I was formerly, and to which I 'am again brought at the Suit of that 'Villain, *Trent*. I have the Misfortune 'to think I owe this Accident (I mean 'that it happened to Night) to my own 'Folly, in endeavouring to keep a Secret 'from you—O my Dear, had I had Reſolution to confeſs my Crime to you, your 'Forgiveneſs would, I am convinced,

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'have coſt me only a few Bluſhes, and I 'had now been happy in your Arms. 'Fool that I was to leave you on ſuch 'an Account, and to add to a former 'Tranſgreſſion a new one.—Yet by Hea-'vens I mean not a Tranſgreſſion of the 'like kind; for of that I am not, nor 'ever will be guilty; and when you know 'the true Reaſon of my leaving you To-'night, I think you will pity, rather than 'upbraid me. I am ſure you would, if 'you knew the Compunction with which 'I left you to go to the moſt worthleſs, 'the moſt infamous———Do gueſs the 'reſt——Gueſs that Crime with which I 'cannot ſtain my Paper—but ſtill believe 'me no more guilty than I am.—or, if it 'will leſſen your Vexation at what hath 'befallen me, believe me as guilty as you 'pleaſe, and think me, for a while at leaſt, 'as undeſerving of you, as I think my-'ſelf. This Paper and Pen are ſo bad, I 'queſtion whether you can read what I 'write. I almoſt doubt whether I wiſh you 'ſhould. Yet this I will endeavour to 'make as legible as I can——Be comfort-'ed, my dear Love, and ſtill keep up 'your Spirits with the Hopes of better 'Days. The Doctor will be in Town To-'morrow, and I truſt on his Goodneſs for

'my

'my Delivery once more from this Place, 'and that I shall soon be able to repay 'him. That Heaven may bless and pre-'serve you, is the Prayer of,

'*My dearest Love,*

'*Your ever fond affectionate,*

'*and hereafter, faithful Husband,*

'W. Booth.'

Amelia pretty well guessed the obscure Meaning of this Letter, which though at another Time it might have given her unspeakable Torment, was at present rather of the medicinal Kind, and served to allay her Anguish. Her Anger to *Booth* too began a little to abate, and was softened by her Concern for his Misfortune. Upon the whole, however, she past a miserable and sleepless Night, her gentle Mind torn and distracted with various and contending Passions, distressed with Doubts, and wandring in a kind of Twilight, which presented her only Objects of different Degrees of Horrour, and where black Despair cloled at a small Distance the gloomy Prospect.

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AMELIA.

BOOK XII.

CHAP. I.

The Book begins with polite History.

BEFORE we return to the miserable Couple, whom we left at the End of the last Book, we will give our Reader the more chearful View of the gay and happy Family of Colonel *James*.

Mrs. *James* when she could not, as we have seen, prevail with *Amelia* to accept that Invitation, which at the Desire of the Colonel she had so kindly and obediently carried her, returned to her Husband, and acquainted him with the ill Success of her Embassy; at which, to say the Truth, she was

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was almoſt as much diſappointed as the Colonel himſelf: for he had not taken a much ſtronger Liking to *Amelia*, than ſhe herſelf had conceived for *Booth*. This will account for ſome Paſſages, which may have a little ſurpriſed the Reader in the former Chapters of this Hiſtory, as we were not then at Leiſure to communicate to them a Hint of this Kind: It was indeed on Mr. *Booth*'s Account that ſhe had been at the Trouble of changing her Dreſs at the Maſquerade.

But her Paſſions of this Sort, happily for her, were not extremely ſtrong; ſhe was therefore eaſily baulked, and as ſhe met with no Encouragement from *Booth*, ſhe ſoon gave way to the Impetuoſity of Miſs *Mathews*; and from that Time ſcarce thought more of the Affair, 'till her Huſband's Deſign againſt the Wife revived hers likewiſe; inſomuch, that her Paſſion was, at this Time, certainly ſtrong enough for *Booth*, to produce a good hearty Hatred for *Amelia*, whom ſhe now abuſed to the Colonel in very groſs Terms; both on the Account of her Poverty, and her Inſolence: for ſo ſhe termed the Refuſal of all her Offers.

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The Colonel seeing no Hopes of soon possessing his new Mistress, began, like a prudent and wise Man, to turn his Thoughts towards the securing his old one. From what his Wife had mentioned, concerning the Behaviour of the Shepherdess, and particularly her Preference of *Booth*, he had little Doubt but that this was the identical Miss *Mathews*. He resolved therefore to watch her closely, in hopes of discovering *Booth*'s Intrigue with her. In this, besides the Remainder of Affection which he yet preserved for that Lady, he had another View, as it would give him a fair Pretence to quarrel with *Booth*; who, by carrying on this Intrigue, would have broke his Word and Honour given to him. And he began now to hate poor *Booth* heartily, from the same Reason from which Mrs. *James* had contracted her Aversion to *Amelia*.

The Colonel therefore employed an inferior kind of Pimp to watch the Lodgings of Miss *Mathews*, and to acquaint him if *Booth*, whose Person was known to the Pimp, made any Visit there.

The

The Pimp faithfully performed his Office, and having last Night made the wish'd for Discovery, immediately acquainted his Master with it.

Upon this News the Colonel presently dispatched to *Booth* the short Note which we have before seen. He sent it to his own House instead of Miss *Mathews*'s, with Hopes of that very Accident which actually did happen. Not that he had any Ingredient of the Bully in him, and desired to be prevented from fighting, but with a Prospect of injuring *Booth* in the Affection and Esteem of *Amelia*, and of recommending himself somewhat to her by appearing in the Light of her Champion; for which Purpose he added that Compliment to *Amelia* in his Letter. He concluded upon the whole, that, if *Booth* himself opened the Letter, he would certainly meet him the next Morning; but if his Wife should open it before he came home, it might have the Effects before mentioned; and for his future Expostulation with *Booth*, it would not be in *Amelia*'s Power to prevent it.

Now

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Now it happened, that this Pimp had more Maſters than one. Amongſt theſe was the worthy Mr. *Trent*, for whom he had often done Buſineſs of the pimping Vocation. He had been employed indeed in the Service of the great Peer himſelf, under the Direction of the ſaid *Trent*, and was the very Perſon who had aſſiſted the ſaid *Trent* in dogging *Booth* and his Wife to the Opera-Houſe on Maſquerade Night.

This ſubaltern Pimp was with his Superior *Trent* Yeſterday Morning, when he found a Bailiff with him in order to receive his Inſtructions for the arreſting *Booth*; when the Bailiff ſaid it would be a very difficult Matter to take him; for that to his Knowledge he was as ſhy a Cock as any in *England*. The Subaltern immediately acquainted *Trent* with the Buſineſs in which he was employ'd by the Colonel. Upon which *Trent* enjoined him the Moment he had ſet him to give immediate Notice to the Bailiff; which he agreed to, and performed accordingly.

The Bailiff, on receiving the Notice, immediately ſet out for his Stand at an Alehouſe

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Alehouſe within three Doors of Miſs *Mathews*'s Lodgings. At which, unfortunately for poor *Booth*, he arrived a very few Minutes before *Booth* left that Lady in order to return to *Amelia*.

Theſe were ſeveral Matters, of which we thought neceſſary our Reader ſhould be informed; for, beſides that it conduces greatly to a perfect Underſtanding of all Hiſtory, there is no Exerciſe of the Mind of a ſenſible Reader more pleaſant than the tracing the ſeveral ſmall and almoſt imperceptible Links in every Chain of Events by which all the great Actions of the World are produced. We will now in the next Chapter proceed with our Hiſtory.

CHAP. II.

In which Amelia *viſits her Huſband.*

AMELIA, after much anxious thinking, in which ſhe ſometimes flattered herſelf that her Huſband was leſs guilty than ſhe had at firſt imagined him, and that he had ſome good Excuſe to make for himſelf; (for indeed ſhe was not ſo able as willing to make one for him,) at length reſolved to ſet out for the Bailiff's

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liff's Caſtle. Having therefore ſtrictly recommended the Care of her Children to her good Landlady, ſhe ſent for a Hackney Coach, and ordered the Coachman to drive to *Gray's-Inn-Lane*.

When ſhe came to the Houſe, and aſk'd for the Captain, the Bailiff's Wife, who came to the Door, gueſſing by the Greatneſs of her Beauty, and the Diſorder of her Dreſs, that ſhe was a young Lady of Pleaſure, anſwered ſurlily, 'Captain! 'I do not know of any Captain that is 'here, not I.' For this good Woman was, as well as Dame *Purgante* in *Prior*, a bitter Enemy to all Whores; eſpecially to thoſe of the handſome Kind; for ſome ſuch ſhe ſuſpected to go Shares with her in a certain Property to which the Law gave her the ſole Right.

Amelia replied, ſhe was certain that Captain *Booth* was there. 'Well, if he is ſo,' cries the Bailiff's Wife, 'you may come 'into the Kitchin if you will——and he 'ſhall be called down to you if you have 'any Buſineſs with him.' At the ſame Time ſhe mutter'd ſomething to herſelf, and concluded a little more intelligibly, tho' ſtill in a muttering Voice, that ſhe kept no ſuch Houſe.

Amelia,

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Amelia, whoſe Innocence gave her no Suſpicion of the true Cauſe of this good Woman's Sullenneſs, was frightened, and began to fear ſhe knew not what. At laſt ſhe made a ſhift to totter into the Kitchin, when the Miſtreſs of the Houſe aſked her, 'Well, Madam, who ſhall I tell the Captain wants to ſpeak with him?'

'I aſk your Pardon, Madam,' cries *Amelia*, 'in my Confuſion I really forgot 'you did not know me——tell him, if 'you pleaſe, that I am his Wife.'

'And are you indeed his Wife, Madam,' cries Mrs. Bailiff, a little ſoftened?

'Yes, indeed, and upon my Honour,' anſwers *Amelia*.

'If this be the Caſe,' cries the other, 'you may walk up Stairs if you pleaſe. 'Heaven forbid I ſhould part Man and 'Wife. Indeed I think they can never 'be too much together. But I never will 'ſuffer any bad Doings in my Houſe, nor 'any of the Town Ladies to come to Gentlemen here.'

Amelia

Amelia answered, That she liked her the better; for indeed, in her present Disposition, *Amelia* was as much exasperated against wicked Women as the virtuous Mistress of the House, or any other virtuous Woman could be.

The Bailiff's Wife then ushered *Amelia* up Stairs, and having unlocked the Prisoners Door, cried 'Captain, here is your 'Lady, Sir, come to see you.' At which Words *Booth* started up from his Chair, and caught *Amelia* in his Arms, embracing her for a considerable Time with so much Rapture, that the Bailiff's Wife, who was an Eye-witness of this violent Fondness, began to suspect whether *Amelia* had really told her Truth. However she had some little Awe of the Captain, and for fear of being in the wrong did not interfere, but shut the Door and turned the Key.

When *Booth* found himself alone with his Wife, and had vented the first Violence of his Rapture in Kisses and Embraces, he looked tenderly at her, and cried, 'Is it 'possible, *Amelia*, is it possible you can 'have this Goodness to follow such a 'Wretch as me to such a Place as this——

'or

'or do you come to upbraid me with my 'Guilt, and to ſink me down to that Per-'dition I ſo juſtly deſerve?

'Am I ſo given to upbraiding then,' ſays ſhe, in a gentle Voice, 'have I ever 'given you Occaſion to think I would ſink 'you to Perdition?

'Far be it from me, my Love, to think 'ſo,' anſwered he. 'And yet you may 'forgive the utmoſt Fears of an offend-'ing, penitent Sinner. I know indeed 'the Extent of your Goodneſs, and yet I 'know my Guilt ſo great——

'Alas! Mr. *Booth*,' ſaid ſhe, 'What 'Guilt is this which you mention, and 'which you writ to me of laſt Night—— 'Sure by your mentioning to me ſo much, 'you intend to tell me more, nay indeed 'to tell me all.— And not leave my Mind 'open to Suſpicions perhaps ten times worſe 'than the Truth.

'Will you give me a patient hearing?' ſaid he.

'I will indeed,' anſwered ſhe, 'nay I 'am prepared to hear the worſt you can 'unfold;

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'unfold; nay perhaps the worſt is ſhort 'of my Apprehenſions.

Booth then, after a little further Apology, began and related to her the whole that had paſs'd between him and Miſs *Mathews*, from their firſt Meeting in the Priſon to their Separation the preceding Evening. All which, as the Reader knows it already, it would be tedious and unpardonable to tranſcribe from his Mouth. He told her likewiſe all that he had done and ſuffered, to conceal his Tranſgreſſion from her Knowledge. This he aſſured her was the Buſineſs of his Viſit laſt Night, the Conſequence of which was, he declared in the moſt ſolemn Manner, no other than an abſolute Quarrel with Miſs *Mathews*, of whom he had taken a final Leave.

When he had ended his Narration, *Amelia*, after a ſhort Silence, anſwered,——— 'Indeed, I firmly believe every Word 'you have ſaid —— but I cannot now for-'give you the Fault you have confeſſed— 'and my Reaſon is — becauſe I have for-'given it long ago. Here, my Dear,' ſaid ſhe, 'is an Inſtance that I am likewiſe ca-'pable of keeping a Secret.'——She then delivered her Huſband a Letter which ſhe had

had some Time ago received from Miss *Matthews*, and which was the same which that Lady had mentioned, and supposed, as *Booth* had never heard of it, that it had miscarried; for she sent it by the Penny-Post. In this Letter, which was sign'd by a feigned Name, she had acquainted *Amelia* with the Infidelity of her Husband, and had besides very greatly abused him; taxing him with many Falshoods; and, among the rest, with having spoken very slightingly and disrespectfully of his Wife.

Amelia never shin'd forth to *Booth* in so amiable and great a Light; nor did his own Unworthiness ever appear to him so mean and contemptible, as at this Instant. However when he had read the Letter, he uttered many violent Protestations to her, that all which related to herself was absolutely false.

'I am convinced it is,' said she. 'I 'would not have a Suspicion of the con- 'trary for the World. I assure you I had, 'till last Night revived it in my Memo- 'ry, almost forgot the Letter; for as I 'well knew from whom it came, by her 'mentioning Obligations which she had 'conferred on you, and which you had

'more

'more than once ſpoken to me of: I 'made large Allowances for the Situation 'you was then in; and I was the more 'ſatisfied, as the Letter itſelf, as well as 'many other Circumſtances, convinced me 'the Affair was at an End.'

Booth now utter'd the moſt extravagant Expreſſions of Admiration and Fondneſs that his Heart could dictate, and accompanied them with the warmeſt Embraces. All which Warmth and Tenderneſs ſhe return'd; and Tears of Love and Joy guſh'd from both their Eyes. So raviſh'd indeed were their Hearts, that for ſome Time they both forgot the dreadful Situation of their Affairs.

This however was but a ſhort Reverie. It ſoon recurr'd to *Amelia* that tho' ſhe had the Liberty of leaving that Houſe when ſhe pleaſed, ſhe could not take her beloved Huſband with her. This Thought ſtung her tender Boſom to the Quick, and ſhe could not ſo far command herſelf, as to refrain from many ſorrowful Exclamations againſt the Hardſhip of their Deſtiny; but when ſhe ſaw the Effect they had upon *Booth*, ſhe ſtifled her riſing Grief, forced a little Cheerfulneſs into her Countenance, and

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and exerting all the Spirits she could raise within herself, expressed her Hopes of seeing a speedy End to their Sufferings. She then ask'd her Husband what she should do for him, and to whom she should apply for his Deliverance.

'You know, my Dear, cries *Booth*, that 'the Doctor is to be in Town some Time 'to Day. My Hopes of immediate Re-'demption are only in him; and if that 'can be obtain'd, I make no Doubt but 'of the Success of that Affair which is in the 'Hands of a Gentleman who hath faithfully 'promised to serve me, and in whose Power 'I am so well assured it is to succeed.

Thus did this poor Man support his Hopes by a Dependance on that Ticket which he had so dearly purchased of one who pretended to manage the Wheels in the Great State Lottery of Preferment. A Lottery indeed which hath this to recommend it, that many poor Wretches feed their Imaginations with the Prospect of a Prize during their whole Lives, and never discover they have drawn a Blank.

Amelia, who was of a pretty sanguine Temper, and was entirely ignorant of

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these Matters, was full as easy to be deceived into Hopes as her Husband; but in Reality at present she turn'd her Eyes to no distant Prospect; the Desire of regaining her Husband's Liberty having engrossed her whole Mind.

While they were discoursing on these Matters, they heard a violent Noise in the House, and immediately after several Persons passed by their Door up Stairs to the Apartment over their Head. This greatly terrified the gentle Spirit of *Amelia*, and she cried——'Good Heavens, my 'Dear, must I leave you in this horrid 'Place? I am terrified with a thousand 'Fears concerning you.'

Booth endeavoured to comfort her, saying, that he was in no Manner of Danger, and that he doubted not but that the Doctor would soon be with him.——'And stay, 'my Dear,' cries he, 'now I recollect, 'suppose you should apply to my old 'Friend *James*; for I believe you are 'pretty well satisfied, that your Apprehensions of him were groundless. I have 'no Reason to think but that he would be 'as ready to serve me as formerly.'

Amelia

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Amelia turned pale as Aſhes at the Name of *James*, and inſtead of making a direct Anſwer to her Huſband, ſhe laid hold of him, and cried, 'My Dear, I 'have one Favour to beg of you, and I 'inſiſt on your granting it me.

Booth readily ſwore he would deny her nothing.

It is only this, my Dear, ſaid ſhe, that if that deteſted Colonel comes, you will not ſee him. Let the People of the Houſe tell him you are not here.

He knows nothing of my being here, anſwer'd *Booth*; 'but why ſhould I refuſe 'to ſee him, if he ſhould be kind enough 'to come hither to me? Indeed, my '*Amelia*, you have taken a Diſlike to that 'Man without ſufficient Reaſon.

'I ſpeak not upon that Account, cries '*Amelia*; but I have had Dreams laſt 'Night about you two. Perhaps you 'will laugh at my Folly; but pray in-'dulge it. Nay I inſiſt on your Promiſe 'of not denying me.

'Dreams! my dear Creature, answer'd he. What Dream can you have had of us?

'One too horrible to be mention'd, reply'd she.——I cannot think of it without Horror, and unless you will promise me not to see the Colonel 'till I return, I positively will never have you.

'Indeed, my *Amelia*, said *Booth*, I never knew you unreasonable before. How can a Woman of your Sense talk of Dreams?

'Suffer me to be once at least unreasonable, said *Amelia*; as you are so good-natur'd to say I am not often so. Consider, what I have lately suffer'd, and how weak my Spirits must be at this Time.

As *Booth* was going to speak, the Bailiff without any Ceremony enter'd the Room; and cried, 'No Offence, I hope, Madam, 'my Wife, it seems, did not know you. 'She thought the Captain had a Mind 'for a Bit of Flesh by the Bye. But I have

'I have quieted all Matters: for I 'know you very well; I have ſeen that 'handſome Face many a Time, when I 'have been waiting upon the Captain for-'merly. No Offence, I hope, Madam; 'but if my Wife was as handſome as you 'are—I ſhould not look for worſe Goods 'abroad.

Booth conceived ſome Diſpleaſure at this Speech; but he did not think proper to expreſs more than a Piſh.——And then aſk'd the Bailiff what was the Meaning of the Noiſe they heard juſt now.

'I know of no Noiſe, anſwer'd the 'Bailiff. Some of my Men have been 'carrying a Piece of bad Luggage up 'Stairs; a poor Raſcal that reſiſted the 'Law and Juſtice; ſo I gave him a Cut 'or two with a Hanger. If they ſhould 'prove mortal, he muſt thank himſelf 'for it. If a Man will not behave like a 'Gentleman to an Officer, he muſt take 'the Conſequence; but I muſt ſay that 'for you, Captain, you behave yourſelf 'like a Gentleman; and therefore I ſhall 'always uſe you as ſuch; and I hope you 'will find Bail ſoon with all my Heart. 'This is but a paultry Sum to what the

'last was; and I do assure you, there is 'nothing else against you in the Office.'

The latter Part of the Bailiff's Speech somewhat comforted *Amelia*, who had been a little frightned by the former; and she soon after took Leave of her Husband, to go in Quest of the Doctor, who, as *Amelia* had heard that Morning, was expected in Town that very Day, which was somewhat sooner than he had intended at his Departure.

Before she went, however, she left a strict Charge with the Bailiff, who usher'd her very civilly down Stairs, that if one Colonel *James* came there to enquire for her Husband, he should deny that he was there.

She then departed; and the Bailiff immediately gave a very strict Charge to his Wife, his Maid, and his Followers, that if one Colonel *James*, or any one from him, should enquire after the Captain, that they should let him know he had the Captain above Stairs: for he doubted not but that the Colonel was one of *Booth*'s Creditors; and he hoped for a second Bail Bond by his Means.

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CHAP. III.

Containing Matter pertinent to the Hiſtory.

AMELIA in her Way to the Doctor's determin'd juſt to ſtop at her own Lodgings which lay a little out of the Road, and to pay a momentary Viſit to her Children.

This was fortunate enough; for had ſhe call'd at the Doctor's Houſe, ſhe would have heard nothing of him, which would have cauſed in her ſome Alarm and Diſappointment; for the Doctor was ſet down at Mrs. *Atkinſon*'s, where he was directed to *Amelia*'s Lodgings, to which he went before he called at his own; and here *Amelia* now found him playing with her two Children.

The Doctor had been a little ſurprized at not finding *Amelia* at home, or any one that could give any Account of her. He was now more ſurprized to ſee her come in in ſuch a Dreſs, and at the Diſorder which he very plainly perceived in her pale and melancholy Countenance. He addreſſed her firſt (for indeed ſhe was in

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no great Haſte to ſpeak) and cry'd, 'My 'dear Child, what is the Matter? where 'is your Huſband? Some Miſchief I am 'afraid hath happen'd to him in my Ab-'ſence.

'O, my dear Doctor, anſwer'd *Amelia*, 'ſure ſome good Angel hath ſent you 'hither. My poor *Will* is arreſted again. 'I left him in the moſt miſerable Con-'dition in the very Houſe whence your 'Goodneſs formerly redeem'd him.

'Arreſted! cries the Doctor. Then 'it muſt be for ſome very inconſiderable 'Trifle.

'I wiſh it was, ſaid *Amelia*; but it is 'for no leſs than 50 *l.*

'Then, cries the Doctor, he hath been 'diſingenuous with me. He told me 'he did not owe ten Pounds in the World 'for which he was liable to be ſued.

'I know not what to ſay, cries *Amelia*. 'Indeed I am afraid to tell you the 'Truth.

'Have

'How, Child,' ſaid the Doctor, 'I 'hope you will never diſguiſe it to any 'one, eſpecially to me. Any Prevarica-'tion, I promiſe you, will forfeit my 'Friendſhip for ever.'

'I will tell you the whole,' cries *Amelia*, 'and rely entirely on your Goodneſs.' She then related the gaming Story, not forgetting to ſet in the fulleſt Light, and to lay the ſtrongeſt Emphaſis on his Promiſe never to play again.

The Doctor fetched a deep Sigh when he had heard *Amelia*'s Relation, and cried, 'I am ſorry, Child, for the Share you 'are to partake in your Huſband's Suf-'ferings; but as for him, I really think he 'deſerves no Compaſſion. You ſay he 'hath promiſed never to play again; but 'I muſt tell you he hath broke his Pro-'miſe to me already: for I had heard he 'was formerly addicted to this Vice, and 'had given him ſufficient Caution againſt 'it. You will conſider, Child, I am al-'ready pretty largely engaged for him, 'every Farthing of which I am poſſible 'I muſt pay. You know I would go 'to the utmoſt Verge of Prudence to

'ſerve you; but I muſt not exceed my 'Ability, which is not very great; and I 'have ſeveral Families on my Hands, 'who are by Misfortune alone brought to 'Want. I do aſſure you I cannot at pre-'ſent anſwer for ſuch a Sum as this, with-'out diſtreſſing my own Circumſtances.'

'Then Heaven have Mercy upon us 'all,' cries *Amelia*; 'for we have no other 'Friend on Earth——My Huſband is un-'done; and theſe poor little Wretches muſt 'be ſtarved.'

The Doctor caſt his Eyes on the Chil-dren, and then cried——'I hope not ſo. 'I told you I muſt diſtreſs my Circum-'ſtances, and I will diſtreſs them this 'once on your Account, and on the Ac-'count of theſe poor little Babes——But 'Things muſt not go on any longer in 'this Way——You muſt take an heroic 'Reſolution. I will hire a Coach for you 'To-morrow Morning, which ſhall carry 'you all down to my Parſonage-Houſe. 'There you ſhall have my Protection, 'till ſom[illegible] can be done for your Huſ-'ban[illegible] which, to be plain with you, 'I at [illegible] ſee no Likelihood.'

Amelia

Amelia fell upon her Knees in an Ecſtaſy of Thankſgiving to the Doctor, who immediately raiſed her up and placed her in her Chair. She then recollected herſelf and ſaid—'O my worthy Friend, I have 'ſtill another Matter to mention to you, 'in which I muſt have both your Advice 'and Aſſiſtance. My Soul bluſhes to give 'you all this Trouble; but what other 'Friend have I———indeed what other 'Friend could I apply to ſo properly on 'ſuch an Occaſion?'

The Doctor, with a very kind Voice and Countenance, deſired her to ſpeak. She then ſaid—'O Sir, that wicked Co'lonel, whom I have mentioned to you 'formerly, hath picked ſome Quarrel with 'my Huſband, (for ſhe did not think pro'per to mention the Cauſe) 'and hath ſent 'him a Challenge. It came to my Hand 'laſt Night after he was arreſted; I open'ed and read it.'

'Give it me, Child,' ſaid the Doctor.

She anſwered ſhe had burnt it, as was indeed true. 'But I remember it was an

'Appointment to meet at Sword and 'Piſtol this Morning at *Hide-Park*.'

'Make yourſelf eaſy, my dear Child,' cries the Doctor, 'I will take Care to pre-'vent any Miſchief.'

'But conſider, my dear Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'this is a tender Matter. My Huſband's 'Honour is to be preſerved as well as his 'Life.'

'And ſo is his Soul, which ought to be 'the deareſt of all Things,' cries the Doctor. 'Honour! Nonſenſe. Can Ho-'nour dictate to him to diſobey the ex-'preſs Commands of his Maker, in Com-'pliance with a Cuſtom eſtabliſhed by a 'Set of Blockheads, founded on falſe 'Principles of Virtue, in direct Oppoſiti-'on to the plain and poſitive Precepts of 'Religion, and tending manifeſtly to give 'a Sanction to Ruffians, and to protect 'them in all the Ways of Impudence and 'Villany?'

'All this, I believe, is very true,' cries *Amelia*; 'but yet you know, Doctor, the 'Opinion of the World.'

'You

'You talk simply, Child,' cries the Doctor. 'What is the Opinion of the 'World opposed to Religion and Virtue? 'But you are in the wrong. It is not the 'Opinion of the World; it is the Opini'on of the Idle, Ignorant, and Profligate. 'It is impossible it should be the Opinion 'of one Man of Sense, who is in Earnest 'in his Belief of our Religion. Chiefly 'indeed it hath been upheld by the Non'sense of Women; who either from their 'extreme Cowardice, and Desire of Pro'tection, or, as Mr. *Bayle* thinks, from 'their excessive Vanity, have been always 'forward to countenance a Set of Hectors 'and Bravoes, and to despise all Men of 'Modesty and Sobriety; tho' these are 'often, at the Bottom, not only the better 'but the braver Men.'

'You know, Doctor,' cries *Amelia*, 'I 'have never presumed to argue with you; 'your Opinion is to me always Instructi'on, and your Word a Law.'

'Indeed, Child,' cries the Doctor, 'I 'know you are a good Woman; and yet 'I must observe to you, that this very 'Desire of feeding the Passion of female

'Vanity with the Heroiſm of her Man, old *Homer* ſeems to make the Characteriſtic of a bad and looſe Woman. He introduces *Helen* upbraiding her Gallant with having quitted the Fight, and left the Victory to *Menelaus*, and ſeeming to be ſorry that ſhe had left her Huſband, only becauſe he was the better Duelliſt of the two; but in how different a Light doth he repreſent the tender and chaſte Love of *Andromache* to her worthy *Hector!* She diſſuades him from expoſing himſelf to Danger, even in a juſt Cauſe. This is indeed a Weakneſs; but it is an amiable one, and becoming the true feminine Character; but a Woman, who out of heroic Vanity (for ſo it is) would hazard not only the Life, but the Soul too of her Huſband in a Duel, is a Monſter, and ought to be painted in no other Character but that of a Fury.'

'I aſſure you, Doctor,' cries *Amelia*, 'I never ſaw this Matter in the odious Light, in which you have truly repreſented it, before. I am aſhamed to recollect what I have formerly ſaid on this Subject.——And yet whilſt the Opinion of the World is as it is, one would wiſh to comply as far as poſſible——eſpecially

as

'as my Husband is an Officer of the 'Army. If it can be done therefore with 'Safety to his Honour——

'Again Honour!' cries the Doctor, 'indeed I will not suffer that noble Word 'to be so basely and barbarously prostituted. I have known some of these 'Men of Honour, as they call themselves, to 'be the most arrant Rascals in the Universe.'

'Well. I ask your Pardon, said she,—Re-'putation then, if you please—or any 'other Word you like better—you know 'my Meaning very well.'

'I do know your Meaning,' cries the Doctor, 'and *Virgil* knew it a great While 'ago. The next Time you see your Friend 'Mrs. *Atkinson*, ask her what it was made '*Dido* fall in Love with *Æneas*.'

'Nay, dear Sir,' said *Amelia*, 'do not 'rally me so unmercifully; think where 'my poor Husband is now.'

'He is,' answered the Doctor, 'where 'I will presently be with him. In the 'mean Time, do you pack up every Thing 'in order for your Journey To morrow;

'for

'for, if you are wiſe, you will not truſt 'your Huſband a Day longer in this 'Town——therefore to packing——'

Amelia promiſed ſhe would——though indeed ſhe wanted not any Warning for her Journey on this Account; for when ſhe packed up herſelf in the Coach, ſhe packed up her All. However ſhe did not think proper to mention this to the Doctor; for as he was now in pretty good Humour, ſhe did not care to venture again diſcompoſing his Temper.

The Doctor then ſet out for *Gray's Inn Lane*; and, as ſoon as he was gone, *Amelia* began to conſider of her Incapacity to take a Journey in her preſent Situation, without even a clean Shift. At laſt ſhe reſolved, as ſhe was poſſeſſed of ſeven Guineas and a Half, to go to her Friend and redeem ſome of her own and her Huſband's Linen out of Captivity; indeed juſt ſo much, as would render it barely poſſible for them to go out of Town with any kind of Decency.' And this Reſolution ſhe immediately executed.

As ſoon as ſhe had finiſhed her Buſineſs with the Pawnbroker, (if a Man who lends under

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under thirty *per Cent.* deserves that Name) he said to her, 'Pray, Madam, did you 'know that Man who was here Yesterday, 'when you brought the Picture?' *Amelia* answered in the Negative. 'Indeed, Ma-'dam,' said the Broker, 'he knows you, 'though he did not recollect you while 'you was here, as your Hood was drawn 'over your Face; but the Moment you 'was gone, he begged to look at the 'Picture, which I thinking no Harm 'permitted. He had scarce looked upon 'it, when he cried out—By Heaven and 'Earth it is her Picture. He then asked 'me if I knew you.—Indeed, says I, I 'never saw the Lady before.'

In this last Particular, however, the Pawnbroker a little savoured of his Profession, and made a small Deviation from the Truth; for when the Man had asked him if he knew the Lady, he answered she was some poor undone Woman, who had pawned all her Cloaths to him the Day before; and I suppose, says he, this Picture is the last of her Goods and Chattels. This Hint we thought proper to give the Reader, as it may chance to be material.

Amelia answered coldly, that she had taken

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taken so very little Notice of the Man, that she scarce remembered he was there.

'I assure you, Madam,' says the Pawnbroker, 'he hath taken very great Notice 'of you; for the Man changed Countenance upon what I said, and presently 'after begged me to give him a Dram. 'Oho! thinks I to myself, are you there-'abouts? I would not be so much in 'Love with some Folks, as some People 'are, for more Interest than I shall ever 'make of a thousand Pound.'

Amelia blushed, and said with some Peevishness that she knew nothing of the Man; but supposed he was some impertinent Fellow or other.

'Nay, Madam,' answered the Pawnbroker, 'I assure you he is not worthy 'your regard. He is a poor Wretch, and 'I believe I am possessed of most of his 'Moveables. However I hope you are not 'offended; for indeed he said no Harm; 'but he was very strangely disordered, 'that is the Truth of it.'

Amelia was very desirous of putting an End to this Conversation, and altogether as

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as eager to return to her Children; ſhe therefore bundled up her Things as faſt as ſhe could, and calling for a Hackney-Coach directed the Coachman to her Lodgings, and bid him drive her Home with all the Haſte he could.

CHAP. IV.

In which Dr. Harriſon *viſits Colonel* James.

THE Doctor, when he left *Amelia*, intended to go directly to *Booth*; but he preſently changed his Mind and determined firſt to call on the Colonel, as he thought it was proper to put an End to that Matter, before he gave *Booth* his Liberty.

The Doctor found the two Colonels, *James* and *Bath*, together. They both received him very civilly; for *James* was a very well bred Man; and *Bath* always ſhewed a particular Reſpect to the Clergy, he being indeed a perfect good Chriſtian, except in the Articles of Fighting and Swearing.

Our Divine ſat ſome time without mentioning the Subject of his Errand, in Hopes that

that *Bath* would go away; but when he found no Likelihood of that, (for indeed *Bath* was of the two much the moſt pleaſed with his Company) he told *James* that he had ſomething to ſay to him relating to Mr. *Booth*, which he believed he might ſpeak before his Brother.

'Undoubtedly, Sir,' ſaid *James*; 'for 'there can be no Secrets between us which 'my Brother may not hear.'

'I come then to you, Sir,' ſaid the Doctor, 'from the moſt unhappy Woman 'in the World, to whoſe Afflictions you 'have very greatly and very cruelly added, by ſending a Challenge to her Huſband, which hath very luckily fallen into 'her Hands; for had the Man, for whom 'you deſigned it, received it, I am afraid 'you would not have ſeen me upon this 'Occaſion.'

'If I writ ſuch a Letter to Mr. *Booth*, 'Sir,' ſaid *James*, 'you may be aſſured I 'did not expect this Viſit in anſwer to it.'

'I do not think you did,' cries the Doctor; 'but you have great Reaſon to 'thank Heaven for ordering this Matter 'con-

'contrary to your Expectations. I know 'not what Trifle may have drawn this 'Challenge from you; but after what I 'have ſome Reaſon to know of you, Sir, 'I muſt plainly tell you, that if you had 'added to your Guilt already committed 'againſt this Man that of having his 'Blood upon your Hands, your Soul 'would have become as black as Hell 'itſelf.

'Give me leave to ſay,' cries the Colonel, 'this is a Language which I am not 'uſed to hear; and if your Cloth was not 'your Protection, you ſhould not give 'it me with Impunity. After what you 'know of me, Sir! What do you preſume 'to know of me to my Diſadvantage?

'You ſay my Cloth is my Protection, Colonel, anſwered the Doctor, therefore pray lay 'aſide your Anger; I do not come with any 'Deſign of affronting or offending you.—

'Very well,' cries *Bath*, 'that Declaration is ſufficient from a Clergyman, 'let him ſay what he pleaſes.

'Indeed, Sir,' ſays the Doctor, very mildly, 'I conſult equally the Good of 'you

'you both, and, in a ſpiritual Senſe, more eſpecially yours; for you know you have injured this poor Man.

'So far on the contrary, cries *James*, that 'I have been his greateſt Benefactor; I ſcorn 'to upbraid him; but you force me to it. 'Nor have I ever done him the leaſt 'Injury.

'Perhaps not,' ſaid the Doctor; 'I will 'alter what I have ſaid.——But for this 'I apply to your Honour——Have you 'not intended him an Injury, the very 'Intention of which cancels every Obli- 'gation?

'How, Sir,' anſwered the Colonel—— 'What do you mean?

'My Meaning,' replied the Doctor, 'is 'almoſt too tender to mention——Come, 'Colonel, examine your own Heart; and 'then anſwer me on your Honour, if you 'have not intended to do him the higheſt 'Wrong which one Man can do another.

'I do not know what you mean by the 'Queſtion,' anſwered the Colonel.

'D——n

'D——n me, the Queſtion is very 'tranſparent,' cries *Bath*. 'From any 'other Man it would be an Affront with 'the ſtrongeſt Emphaſis, but from one 'of the Doctor's Cloth it demands a cate-'gorical Anſwer.

'I am not a Papiſt, Sir,' anſwered Colonel *James*, 'nor am I obliged to confeſs 'to my Prieſt. But if you have any thing 'to ſay, ſpeak openly—for I do not under-'ſtand your Meaning.

'I have explained my Meaning to you 'already,' ſaid the Doctor, 'in a Letter I 'wrote to you on the Subject—a Subject 'which I am ſorry I ſhould have any 'Occaſion to write upon to a Chriſtian.

'I do remember now,' cries the Colonel, 'that I received a very impertinent Letter 'ſomething like a Sermon, againſt Adul-'tery; but I did not expect to hear the 'Author own it to my Face.

'That brave Man then, Sir,' anſwered the Doctor, 'ſtands before you who dares 'own he wrote that Letter, and dares af-'firm too, that it was writ on a juſt and 'ſtrong

'strong Foundation. But if the Hardneſs 'of your Heart could prevail on you to 'treat my good Intention with Contempt 'and Scorn, what pray could induce you to 'ſhew it, nay to give it Mr. *Booth*?' What 'Motive could you have for that, unleſs 'you meant to inſult him, and to provoke 'your Rival to give you that Opportunity 'of putting him out of the World, which 'you have ſince wickedly ſought by your 'Challenge?

'I give him the Letter!' ſaid the Colonel.

'Yes, Sir, anſwered the Doctor, he ſhew'ed me the Letter, and affirmed that you 'gave it him at the Maſquerade.

'He is a lying Raſcal then,' ſaid the Colonel very paſſionately. 'I ſcarce took 'the Trouble of reading the Letter, and 'loſt it out of my Pocket.

Here *Bath* interfered, and explain'd this Affair in the Manner in which it happen'd, and with which the Reader is already acquainted. He concluded by great Eulogiums on the Performance, and declared it was one of the moſt enthuſiaſtic (meaning

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ing perhaps eccleſiaſtic) Letters that ever was written. 'And d——n me,' ſays he, 'if I do not reſpect the Author with the 'utmoſt Emphaſis of thinking.

The Doctor now recollected what had paſſed with *Booth*, and perceived he had made a Miſtake of one Colonel for another. This he preſently acknowledged to Colonel *James*, and ſaid that the Miſtake had been his and not *Booth's*.

Bath now collected all his Gravity, and Dignity, as he called it, into his Countenance, and addreſſing himſelf to *James*, ſaid—— 'And was that Letter writ to you, 'Brother?——I hope you never deſerved 'any Suſpicion of this Kind.

'Brother,' cries *James*, 'I am accountable to myſelf for my Actions, and ſhall not render an Account either to you, or to that Gentleman.

'As to me, Brother,' anſwered *Bath*, 'you ſay right; but I think this Gentleman may call you to an Account; nay I 'think it is his Duty ſo to do. And let 'me tell you, Brother, there is ONE much 'greater than he to whom you muſt

'give an Account. Mrs. *Booth* is really 'a fine Woman, a Lady of moſt impe-'rious and majeſtick Preſence. I have 'heard you often ſay, that you liked her; 'and if you have quarrelled with her 'Huſband upon this Account, by all the 'Dignity of Man, I think you ought to 'aſk his Pardon.

'Indeed, Brother,' cries *James*, 'I can 'bear this no longer——you will make me 'angry preſently.

'Angry! Brother *James*,' cries *Booth*—— 'angry!—I love you, Brother, and have 'Obligations to you. I will ſay no more '—— but I hope you know I do not fear 'making any Man angry.

James anſwered, he knew it well; and then the Doctor apprehending that while he was ſtopping up one Breach, he ſhould make another, preſently interfered and turned the Diſcourſe back to *Booth*. 'You 'tell me, Sir,' ſaid he to *James*, 'that 'my Gown is my Protection; let it then 'at leaſt protect me where I have had no 'Deſign in offending; where I have con-'ſulted your higheſt Welfare, as in truth 'I did in writing this Letter. And if you

'did

'did not in the leaſt deſerve any ſuch 'Suſpicion, ſtill you have no Cauſe 'for Reſentment. Caution againſt Sin, 'even to the Innocent, can never be un-'wholeſome. But this I aſſure you, what-'ever Anger you have to me, you can 'have none to poor *Booth*, who was en-'tirely ignorant of my writing to you, 'and who, I am certain, never entertain'd 'the leaſt Suſpicion of you; on the con-'trary, reveres you with the higheſt E-'ſteem, and Love and Gratitude. Let 'me therefore reconcile all Matters be-'tween you, and bring you together be-'fore he hath even heard of this Chal-'lenge.

'Brother,' cries *Bath*, 'I hope I ſhall 'not make you angry——I lie when I 'ſay ſo; for I am indifferent to any Man's 'Anger——Let me be an Acceſſary to 'what the Doctor hath ſaid. I think I 'may be truſted with Matters of this 'Nature, and it is a little unkind that if 'you intended to ſend a Challenge you 'did not make me the Bearer. But in-'deed, as to what appears to me, this 'Matter may be very well made up; and 'as Mr. *Booth* doth not know of the 'Challenge, I don't ſee why he ever

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'ſhould, any more than your giving him 'the lie juſt now; but that he ſhall never 'have from me, nor I believe from this 'Gentleman; for indeed if he ſhould, it 'would be incumbent upon him to cut 'your Throat.

'Lookee, Doctor,' ſaid *James*, 'I do 'not deſerve the unkind Suſpicion you 'juſt now threw out againſt me. I never 'thirſted after any Man's Blood, and as 'for what hath paſſed, ſince this Diſco-'very hath happened, I may perhaps not 'think it worth my while to trouble my-'ſelf any more about it.'

The Doctor was not contented with perhaps, he inſiſted on a firm Promiſe, to be bound with the Colonel's Honour. This at length he obtained, and then departed well ſatisfied.

In Fact, the Colonel was aſhamed to avow the real Cauſe of the Quarrel to this good Man, or indeed to his Brother *Bath*, who would not only have condemned him equally with the Doctor, but would poſſibly have quarrelled with him on his Siſter's Account, whom, as the Reader muſt have obſerved, he loved above all things;

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things; and in plain Truth, though the Colonel was a brave Man, and dared to fight, yet he was altogether as willing to let it alone; and this made him now and then give a little Way to the Wrongheadedneſs of Colonel *Bath*, who, with all the other Principles of Honour and Humanity made no more of cutting the Throat of a Man upon any of his Punctilio's than a Butcher doth of killing Sheep.

CHAP. V.

What paſſed at the Bailiff's Houſe.

THE Doctor now ſet forwards to his Friend *Booth*, and as he paſt by the Door of his Attorney in the Way, he called upon him, and took him with him.

The Meeting between him and *Booth* need not be expatiated on. The Doctor was really angry, and tho' he deferred his Lecture to a more proper Opportunity, yet as he was no Diſſembler (indeed he was incapable of any Diſguiſe) he could not put on a Show of that Heartineſs with which he had formerly uſed to receive his Friend.

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Booth at last began himself in the following Manner. 'Doctor, I am really 'ashamed to see you; and if you knew 'the Confusion of my Soul on this Occasion, I am sure you would pity rather 'than upbraid me——And yet I can say 'with great Sincerity, I rejoice in this 'last Instance of my Shame, since I am 'like to reap the most solid Advantage 'from it.' The Doctor stared at this, and *Booth* thus proceeded: 'Since I have been 'in this wretched Place, I have employ'd 'my Time almost entirely in reading over 'a Series of Sermons, which are contained 'in that Book,' (meaning Dr. *Barrow*'s Works, which then lay on the Table before him,) 'in Proof of the Christian Religion, and so good an Effect have they 'had upon me, that I shall, I believe, 'be the better Man for them as long as I 'live. I have not a Doubt, (for I own I 'have had such) which remains now unsatisfied.——If ever an Angel might be 'thought to guide the Pen of a Writer, 'surely the Pen of that great and good 'Man had such an Assistant.' The Doctor readily concurred in the Praises of Dr. *Barrow*, and added——'You say you 'have had your Doubts, young Gentle-

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'man,' indeed I did not know that—— 'And pray, what were your Doubts? 'Whatever they were, Sir,' said *Booth*, 'they are now satisfied, as I believe those of 'every impartial and sensible Reader will be, 'if he will, with due Attention, read over 'these excellent Sermons. Very well,' answer'd the Doctor, 'tho' I have conversed, 'I find, with a false Brother hitherto, I am 'glad you are reconciled to Truth at last, 'and I hope your future Faith will have 'some Influence on your future Life. I 'need not tell you, Sir,' replied *Booth*, 'that will always be the Case, where Faith 'is sincere, as I assure you mine is. Indeed I never was a rash Disbeliever; my 'chief Doubt was founded on this, that 'as Men appeared to me to act entirely 'from their Passions, their Actions could 'have neither Merit nor Demerit. A very 'worthy Conclusion truly,' cries the Doctor; 'but if Men act, as I believe they 'do, from their Passions, it would be 'fair to conclude that Religion to be true 'which applies immediately to the strongest 'of these Passions; Hope and Fear, chusing 'rather to rely on its Rewards and Punishments, than on that native Beauty 'of Virtue which some of the antient Philosophers thought proper to recommend

'to their Diſciples.——But we will defer 'this Diſcourſe till another Opportunity; 'at preſent, as the Devil hath thought 'proper to ſet you free, I will try if I can 'prevail on the Bailiff to do the ſame.

The Doctor had really not ſo much Money in Town as *Booth*'s Debt amounted to, and therefore though he would otherwiſe very willingly have paid it, he was forced to give Bail to the Action. For which Purpoſe, as the Bailiff was a Man of great Form, he was obliged to get another Perſon to be bound with him. This Perſon, however, the Attorney undertook to procure, and immediately ſet out in queſt of him.

During his Abſence the Bailiff came into the Room, and addreſſing himſelf to the Doctor, ſaid, 'I think, Sir, your Name 'is Dr. *Harriſon*.' The Doctor immediately acknowledged his Name. Indeed the Bailiff had ſeen it to a Bail-Bond before. 'Why then, Sir, ſaid the Bailiff, there is a 'Man above in a dying Condition, that 'deſires the Favour of ſpeaking to you; 'I believe he wants you to pray by 'him.'

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The Bailiff himself was not more ready to execute his Office on all Occasions for his Fee, than the Doctor was to execute his for nothing. Without making any further Enquiry therefore into the Condition of the Man, he immediately went up Stairs.

As soon as the Bailiff returned down Stairs, which was immediately after he had lodged the Doctor in the Room, *Booth* had the Curiosity to ask him who this Man was. 'Why I don't know much 'of him,' said the Bailiff, 'I had him once 'in Custody before now, I remember it 'was when your Honour was here last; 'and now I remember too, he said then 'he knew your Honour very well. In- 'deed I had some Opinion of him at that 'Time; for he spent his Money very 'much like a Gentleman; but I have 'discovered since, that he is a poor Fel- 'low, and worth nothing. He is a mere 'shy Cock. I have had the Stuff about 'me this Week, and could never get at 'him till this Morning; nay, I don't 'believe we should ever have found out 'his Lodgings, had it not been for the 'Attorney that was here just now, who 'gave us Information. And so we took

'him this Morning by a comical Way 'enough. For we dreſſed up one of my 'Men in Women's Cloaths, who told 'the People of the Houſe, that he was his 'Siſter juſt come to Town: for we were 'told by the Attorney, that he had ſuch 'a Siſter, upon which he was let up Stairs; 'and ſo kept the Door a-jar till I and an-'other ruſh'd in. Let me tell you, Cap-'tain, there are as good Stratagems made 'Uſe of in our Buſineſs as any in the 'Army.

'But pray, Sir, ſaid *Booth*, did not you tell me this Morning that the poor Fellow was deſperately wounded; nay, 'I think you told the Doctor that he was 'a dying Man?

'I had like to have forgot that, cries 'the Bailiff.——Nothing would ſerve the 'Gentleman but that he muſt make Re-'ſiſtance, and he gave my Man a Blow 'with a Stick; but I ſoon quieted him, by 'giving him a Wipe or two with a 'Hanger. Not that I believe I have done 'his Buſineſs neither; but the Fellow is 'faint-hearted, and the Surgeon I fancy 'frightens him more than he need.—— 'But however, let the worſt come to the 'worſt,

'worſt, the Law is all on my Side, and 'it is only *ſe fendendo*. The Attorney that 'was here juſt now told me ſo, and bid 'me fear nothing: for that he would 'ſtand my Friend, and undertake the 'Cauſe; and he is a deviliſh good one at 'a Defence at the *Old Baily* I promiſe you. 'I have known him bring off ſeveral that 'every Body thought would have been 'hang'd.

'But ſuppoſe you ſhould be acquitted, 'ſaid *Booth*; would not the Blood of this 'poor Wretch lie a little heavy at your 'Heart?

'Why ſhould it, Captain, ſaid the 'Bailiff. Is it not all done in a lawful 'Way? Why will People reſiſt the Law 'when they know the Conſequence? To 'be ſure, if a Man was to kill another in 'an unlawful Manner as it were, and what 'the Law calls Murder, that is quite and 'clear another Thing. I ſhould not care 'to be convicted of Murder any more 'than another Man. Why now, Captain, 'you have been abroad in the Wars they 'tell me, and to be ſure muſt have killed 'Men in your Time. Pray was you

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'ever afraid afterwards of ſeeing their 'Ghoſts?

'That is a different Affair, [cries *Booth*;] 'but I would not kill a Man in cold Blood 'for all the World.

'There is no Difference at all, as I can 'ſee, cries the Bailiff. One is as much 'in the Way of Buſineſs as the other. 'When Gentlemen behave themſelves like 'unto Gentlemen, I know how to treat 'them as ſuch as well as any Officer the 'King hath.——And when they do not, 'why they muſt take what follows, and 'the Law doth not call it Murder.

Booth very plainly ſaw that the Bailiff had ſquared his Conſcience exactly according to Law, and that he could not eaſily ſubvert his Way of Thinking. He therefore gave up the Cauſe, and deſir'd the Bailiff to expedite the Bonds, which he promiſed to do, ſaying, he hoped he had uſed him with proper Civility this Time if he had not the laſt, and that he ſhould be remember'd for it.

But before we cloſe this Chapter, we ſhall endeavour to ſatisfy an Enquiry which

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which may arise in our most favourite Readers, (for so are the most curious) how it came to pass that such a Person as was Dr. *Harrison* should employ such a Fellow as this *Murphy*.

The Case then was thus. This *Murphy* had been Clerk to an Attorney in the the very same Town in which the Doctor liv'd, and when he was out of his Time had set up with a Character fair enough, and had married a Maid Servant of Mrs. *Harris*, by which Means he had all the Business to which that Lady and her Friends, in which Number was the Doctor, could recommend him.

Murphy went on with his Business, and thrived very well, 'till he happen'd to make an unfortunate Slip, in which he was detected by a Brother of the same Calling. But tho' we call this by the gentle Name of a Slip, in Respect to its being so extremely common, it was a Matter in which the Law if it had ever come to its Ears would have passed a very severe Censure, being indeed no less than Perjury and Subornation of Perjury.

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This Brother Attorney being a very good-natur'd Man, and unwilling to beſpatter his own Profeſſion, and conſidering perhaps that the Conſequence did in no wiſe affect the Public, who had no Manner of Intereſt in the Alternative, whether *A.* in whom the Right was, or *B.* to whom Mr. *Murphy* by the Means aforeſaid, had transferr'd it, ſucceeded in an Action. We mention this Particular, becauſe as this Brother Attorney was a very violent Party Man, and a profeſſed Stickler for the Public, to ſuffer any Injury to have been done to that, would have been highly inconſiſtent with his Principles.

This Gentleman therefore came to Mr. *Murphy*, and after ſhewing him that he had it in his Power to convict him of the aforeſaid Crime, very generouſly told him that he had not the leaſt Delight in bringing any Man to Deſtruction, nor the leaſt Animoſity againſt him. All that he inſiſted upon was, that he would not live in the ſame Town or County with one who had been guilty of ſuch an Action. He then told Mr. *Murphy* that he would keep the Secret on two Conditions; the

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the one was that he immediately quitted that Country, the other was, that he ſhould convince him he deſerved this Kindneſs by his Gratitude, and that *Murphy* ſhould transfer to the other all the Buſineſs which he then had in thoſe Parts, and to which he could poſſibly recommend him.

It is the Obſervation of a very wiſe Man, that it is a very common Exereiſe of Wiſdom in this World, of two Evils to chuſe the leaſt. The Reader therefore cannot doubt but that Mr. *Murphy* complied with the Alternative propoſed by his kind Brother, and accepted the Terms on which Secrecy was to be obtain'd.

This happen'd while the Doctor was abroad, and with all this, except the Departure of *Murphy*, not only the Doctor, but the whole Town (ſave his aforeſaid Brother alone) were to this Day unacquainted.

The Doctor at his Return hearing that Mr. *Murphy* was gone, applied to the other Attorney in his Affairs, who ſtill employ'd this *Murphy* as his Agent in Town,

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Town, partly perhaps out of Good-will to him, and partly from the Recommendation of Miss *Harris*; for as he had married a Servant of the Family, and a particular Favourite of her's, there can be no wonder that she who was entirely ignorant of the Affair above related, as well as of his Conduct in Town, should continue her Favour to him. It will appear therefore, I apprehend, no longer strange, that the Doctor who had seen this Man but three Times since his Removal to Town, and then conversed with him only on Business, should remain as ignorant of his Life and Character, as a Man generally is of the Character of the Hackney Coachman who drives him. Nor doth it reflect more on the Honour or Understanding of the Doctor under these Circumstances to employ *Murphy*, than it would if he had been driven about the Town by a Thief or a Murderer.

CHAP. VI.

What passed between the Doctor and the sick Man.

WE left the Doctor in the last Chapter with the wounded Man, to whom the Doctor in a very gentle Voice spoke as follows:

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'I am ſorry, Friend, to ſee you in this 'Situation, and am very ready to give 'you any Comfort or Aſſiſtance within 'my Power.

'I thank you kindly, Doctor, ſaid the 'Man. Indeed I ſhould not have pre'ſumed to have ſent to you had I not 'known your Character: for tho' I be'lieve I am not at all known to you, 'I have lived many Years in that Town 'where you yourſelf had a Houſe: my 'Name is *Robinſon*. I uſed to ride for 'the Attornies in thoſe Parts, and I have 'been employ'd on your Buſineſs in my 'Time.

'I do not recollect you, nor your Name,' ſaid the Doctor, 'but conſider, Friend, your 'Moments are precious, and your Buſineſs, 'as I am inform'd, is to offer up your 'Prayers to that Great Being, before 'whom you are ſhortly to appear.——— 'But firſt let me exhort you earneſtly to a 'moſt ſerious Repentance of all your Sins.

'O Doctor, ſaid the Man—Pray, what 'is your Opinion of a Death-bed Re'pentance?

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'If Repentance is ſincere, cries the 'Doctor, I hope thorough the Mercies 'and Merits of our moſt powerful and 'benign Interceſſor it will never come too 'late.

'But do not you think, Sir, cries the 'Man, that in order to obtain Forgive-'neſs of any great Sin we have commit-'ted by an Injury done to our Neigh-'bours, it is neceſſary, as far as in us lies, 'to make all the Amends we can to the 'Party injur'd, and to undo if poſſible 'the Injury we have done.

'Moſt undoubtedly, cries the Doctor, 'our Pretence to Repentance would other-'wiſe be groſs Hypocriſy, and an impu-'dent Attempt to deceive and impoſe 'upon our Creator himſelf.

'Indeed I am of the ſame Opinion, cries the Penitent; 'and I think further, 'that this is thrown in my Way, and 'hinted to me by that great Being: for 'an Accident happened to me Yeſterday, 'by which, as Things have fallen out 'ſince, I think I plainly diſcern the Hand 'of Providence. I went Yeſterday, Sir,

'you

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'you must know, to a Pawnbroker's, to 'pawn the last Moveable, which, except 'the poor Cloaths you see on my Back, 'I am worth in the World: While I was 'there, a young Lady came in to pawn 'her Picture. She had disguised herself 'so much, and pulled her Hood so over 'her Face, that I did not know her while 'she staid, which was scarce three Mi-'nutes. As soon as she was gone, the 'Pawnbroker taking the Picture in his 'Hand, cried out—*Upon my Word this is 'the handsomest Face I ever saw in my Life.* 'I desired him to let me look on the Pic-'ture, which he readily did—and I no 'sooner cast my Eyes upon it, than the 'strong Resemblance struck me, and I 'knew it to be Mrs. *Booth*.'

'Mrs. *Booth!* what Mrs. *Booth?*' cries the Doctor.

'Captain *Booth*'s Lady, the Captain who 'is now below,' said the other.

'How!' cries the Doctor with great Impetuosity.

'Have Patience,' said the Man, 'and 'you shall hear all. I expressed some

'Sur-

'Surprize to the Pawnbroker, and asked 'the Lady's Name. He answered that he 'knew not her Name, but that she was 'some undone Wretch, who had the Day 'before left all her Cloaths with him in 'pawn. My Guilt immediately flew in 'my Face, and told me I had been Ac-'cessary to this Lady's Undoing. The 'sudden Shock so affected me, that had 'it not been for a Dram which the Pawn-'broker gave me, I believe I should have 'sunk on the Spot.'

'Accessary to her Undoing! How ac-'cessary?' said the Doctor. 'Pray tell 'me, for I am impatient to hear.'

'I will tell you all, as fast as I can,' cries the sick Man. 'You know, good Doc-'tor, that Mrs. *Harris* of our Town had 'two Daughters, this Mrs. *Booth* and an-'other. Now, Sir, it seems the other 'Daughter had, some Way or other, dis-'obliged her Mother, a little before the 'old Lady died; therefore she made a 'Will, and left all her Fortune, except 'one thousand Pound, to Mrs. *Booth*; to 'which Will Mr. *Murphy*, myself, and 'another, who is now dead, were the Wit-'nesses. Mrs. *Harris* afterwards died sud-'denly;

'denly; upon which it was contrived, 'by her other Daughter and Mr. *Murphy* to make a new Will, in which 'Mrs. *Booth* had a Legacy of 10 *l.* and 'all the reſt was given to the other. To 'this Will *Murphy*, myſelf, and the ſame 'third Perſon, again ſet our Hands.'

'Good Heaven! how wonderful is thy 'Providence,' cries the Doctor—— '*Murphy* ſay you?'

'He himſelf, Sir,' anſwered *Robinſon*; '*Murphy*, who is the greateſt Rogue I 'believe now in the World.'

'Pray, Sir, proceed,' cries the Doctor.

'For this Service, Sir,' ſaid *Robinſon*, 'myſelf and the third Perſon, one *Carter*, 'received 200 *l.* each. What Reward '*Murphy* himſelf had, I know not. '*Carter* died ſoon afterwards; and from 'that Time, at ſeveral Payments, I have 'by Threats extorted above 100 *l.* more.— 'And this, Sir, is the whole Truth, which 'I am ready to teſtify, if it would pleaſe 'Heaven to prolong my Life.——

'I

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'I hope it will,' cries the Doctor; 'but 'something muſt be done for Fear of Ac- 'cidents——I will ſend to Council imme- 'diately, to know how to ſecure your 'Teſtimony.—Whom can I get to ſend?-- 'Stay, ay——he will do——but I know 'not where his Houſe or his Chambers are '——I will go myſelf——but I may be 'wanted here.'

While the Doctor was in this violent Agitation, the Surgeon made his Appearance. The Doctor ſtood ſtill in a meditating Poſture, while the Surgeon examined his Patient. After which the Doctor begged him to declare his Opinion, and whether he thought the wounded Man in any immediate Danger of Death. 'I 'do not know,' anſwered the Surgeon, 'what you call immediate. He may 'live ſeveral Days——nay he may 'recover. It is impoſſible to give any 'certain Opinion in theſe Caſes.' He then launched forth into a Set of Terms, which the Doctor, with all his Scholarſhip, could not underſtand. To ſay the Truth, many of them were not to be found in any Dictionary or Lexicon.

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One Diſcovery however the Doctor made, and that was, that the Surgeon was a very ignorant, conceited Fellow, and knew nothing of his Profeſſion. He reſolved therefore to get better Advice for the Sick; but this he poſtponed at preſent, and applying himſelf to the Surgeon, ſaid he ſhould be very much obliged to him, if he knew where to find ſuch a Counſellor, and would fetch him thither. 'I 'ſhould not aſk ſuch a Favour of you, 'Sir,' ſays the Doctor, 'if it was not on 'Buſineſs of the laſt Importance, or if I 'could find any other Meſſenger.'

'I fetch—Sir!' ſaid the Surgeon very angrily. 'Do you take me for a Foot-'man, or a Porter? I don't know who 'you are; but I believe you are full as 'proper to go on ſuch an Errand as I 'am;' (for as the Doctor, who was juſt come off his Journey, was very roughly dreſſed, the Surgeon held him in no great Reſpect.) The Surgeon then called aloud from the Top of the Stairs, Let my Coachman draw up, and ſtrutted off without any Ceremony, telling his Patient he would call again the next Day.

At

At this very Inſtant arrived *Murphy* with the other Bail, and finding *Booth* alone, he aſked the Bailiff at the Door, what was become of the Doctor. 'Why the 'Doctor,' anſwer'd he, 'is above Stairs, 'praying with————' 'How!' cries *Murphy*. 'How came you not to carry 'him directly to *Newgate*, as you promiſ-'ed me?' 'Why becauſe he was wound-'ed,' cries the Bailiff. 'I thought it 'was Charity to take Care of him; and 'beſides, why ſhould one make more 'Noiſe about the Matter than is neceſſary.' 'And Dr. *Harriſon* with him?' ſaid *Murphy*, 'Yes, he is,' ſaid the Bailiff; 'he deſired to ſpeak with the Doctor very 'much, and they have been praying to-'gether almoſt this Hour.'—'All is up, 'and undone,' cries *Murphy*. 'Let me 'come by, I have thought of ſomething 'which I muſt do immediately.'

Now as by Means of the Surgeon's leaving the Door open, the Doctor heard *Murphy*'s Voice naming *Robinſon* peeviſhly, he drew ſoftly to the Top of the Stairs, where he heard the foregoing Dialogue; and as ſoon as *Murphy* had uttered his laſt Words, and was moving 'down-

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downwards, the Doctor immediately sallied from his Post, running as fast as he could, and crying stop the Villain, stop the Thief.

The Attorney wanted no better Hint to accelerate his Pace; and having the Start of the Doctor, got down Stairs, and out into the Street; but the Doctor was so close at his Heels, and being in Foot the nimbler of the two, he soon overtook him, and laid hold of him, as he would have done on either *Broughton* or *Slack* in the same Cause.

This Action in the Street, accompanied with the frequent Cry of stop Thief by the Doctor, during the Chace, presently drew together a large Mob, who began, as is usual, to enter immediately upon Business, and to make strict Enquiry into the Matter, in order to proceed to do Justice in their summary Way.

Murphy, who knew well the Temper of the Mob, cried out, 'If you are a 'Bailiff, shew me your Writ. Gentle-'men, he pretends to arrest me here with-'out a Writ.'

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Upon this one of the ſturdieſt and forwardeſt of the Mob, and who by a ſuperior Strength of Body, and of Lungs, preſided in this Aſſembly, declared he would ſuffer no ſuch Thing. 'D——n me,' ſays he, 'away to the Pump with the Catch-'pole directly——ſhew me your Writ, 'or let the Gentleman go——you ſhall 'not arreſt a Man contrary to Law.'

He then laid his Hands on the Doctor, who ſtill faſt griping the Attorney, cried out: 'He is a Villain—I am no Bailiff, but 'a Clergyman, and this Lawyer is guilty 'of Forgery, and hath ruined a poor 'Family.'

'How!' cries the Spokeſman——a 'Lawyer!——that alters the Caſe——

'Yes, faith,' cries another of the Mob, 'it is Lawyer *Murphy*. I know him very 'well.'

'And hath he ruined a poor Family? 'Like enough, faith, if he's a Lawyer.—'Away with him to the Juſtice immedi-'ately.'

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The Bailiff now came up desiring to know what was the Matter; to whom Doctor *Harrison* answered, that he had arrested that Villain for Forgery. 'How can you 'arrest him,' cries the Bailiff, 'you are 'no Officer, nor have any Warrant? Mr. '*Murphy* is a Gentleman, and he shall 'be used as such.'

'Nay to be sure,' cries the Spokesman, there ought to be a Warrant; that's 'the Truth on't.'

'There needs no Warrant,' cries the Doctor. 'I accuse him of Felony; and I 'know so much of the Law of *England*, that any Man may arrest a 'Felon without any Warrant whatever. 'This Villain hath undone a poor Family; 'and I will die on the Spot before I part 'with him.'

'If the Law be so' cries the Orator, 'that is another Matter. And to be 'sure, to ruin a poor Man is the greatest 'of Sins. And being a Lawyer too, 'makes it so much the worse—He shall 'go before the Justice, d——n me if he

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'shan't go before the Justice. I says the 'Word he shall.'

'I say he is a Gentleman, and shall be 'used according to Law,' cries the Bailiff. 'And though you are a Clergyman,' said he to *Harrison*, 'you don't shew yourself 'as one by your Actions.'

'That's a Bailiff,' cries one of the 'Mob——one Lawyer will always stand 'by another; but I think the Clergyman 'is a very good Man, and acts becom-'ing a Clergyman to stand by the Poor.'

At which Words the Mob all gave a great Shout, and several cried out: 'Bring 'him along, away with him to the Justice.'

And now a Constable appeared, and with an authoritative Voice declared what he was, produced his Staff, and demanded the Peace.

The Doctor then delivered his Prisoner over to the Officer, and charged him with Felony; the Constable received him; the Attorney submitted; the Bailiff was hush-ed; and the Waves of the Mob immedi-ately subsided.

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The Doctor now balanced with himself how he ſhould proceed; at laſt he determined to leave *Booth* a little longer in Captivity, and not to quit Sight of *Murphy*, before he had lodged him ſafe with a Magiſtrate. They then all moved forwards to the Juſtice; the Conſtable and his Priſoner marching firſt, the Doctor and the Bailiff following next, and about five Thouſand Mob, (for no leſs Number were aſſembled in a very few Minutes) following in the Proceſſion.

They found the Magiſtrate juſt ſitting down to his Dinner; however, when he was acquainted with the Doctor's Profeſſion, he immediately admitted him, and heard his Buſineſs. Which he no ſooner perfectly underſtood, with all its Circumſtances, than he reſolved, tho' it was then very late, and he had been fatigued all the Morning with public Buſineſs, to poſtpone all Refreſhment 'till he had diſcharged his Duty. He accordingly adjourned the Priſoner and his Cauſe to the Bailiff's Houſe, whither he himſelf with the Doctor immediately repaired, and whither the Attorney was followed by a much larger Number

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of Attendants than he had been honoured with before.

CHAP. VII.

In which the History draws towards a Conclusion.

NOTHING could exceed the Astonishment of *Booth* at the Behaviour of the Doctor, at the Time when he sallied forth in Pursuit of the Attorney; for which it was so impossible for him to account in any Manner whatever. He remained a long Time in the utmost Torture of Mind, till at last the Bailiff's Wife came to him, and asked him if the Doctor was not a Mad-man; and in Truth he could hardly defend him from that Imputation.

While he was in this Perplexity, the Maid of the House brought him a Message from *Robinson*, desiring the Favour of seeing him above Stairs. With this he immediately complied.

When these two were alone together, and the Key turned on them (for the Bailiff's Wife was a most careful Person, and

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and never omitted that Ceremony in the Abſence of her Huſband, having always at her Tongue's End that excellent Proverb of Safe bind, ſafe find.) *Robinſon* looking ſtedfaſtly upon *Booth*, ſaid, 'I 'believe, Sir, you ſcarce remember me.'

Booth anſwered, that he thought he had ſeen his Face ſomewhere before; but could not then recollect when or where.

'Indeed, Sir,' anſwered the Man, 'it 'was a Place which no Man can remem-'ber with Pleaſure. But do you not re-'member, a few Weeks ago, that you had 'the Misfortune to be in a certain Priſon in 'this Town, where you loſt a trifling Sum 'at Cards to a Fellow-priſoner?'

This Hint ſufficiently awakened *Booth*'s Memory, and he now recollected the Features of his old Friend *Robinſon*. He anſwered him a little ſurlily, 'I know you 'now very well; but I did not imagine 'you would ever have reminded me of 'that Tranſaction.'

'Alas, Sir!' anſwered *Robinſon*, 'what-'ever happened then was very trifling, 'compared to the Injuries I have done you;

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'but if my Life be ſpared long enough, 'I will now undo it all; and as I have 'been one of your worſt Enemies, I will 'now be one of your beſt Friends.'

He was juſt entering upon his Story, when a Noiſe was heard below, which might be almoſt compared to what hath been heard in *Holland*, when the Dykes have given Way, and the Ocean in an Inundation breaks in upon the Land. It ſeemed indeed as if the whole World was burſting into the Houſe at once.

Booth was a Man of great Firmneſs of Mind, and he had need of it all at this Inſtant. As for poor *Robinſon*, the uſual Concomitants of Guilt attended him, and he began to tremble in a violent Manner.

The firſt Perſon who aſcended the Stairs was the Doctor, who no ſooner ſaw *Booth* than he ran to him and embraced him, crying, 'My Child, I wiſh you Joy with 'all my Heart. Your Sufferings are all 'at an End; and Providence hath done 'you the Juſtice at laſt, which it will one 'Day or other render to all Men.—You 'will hear all preſently; but I can now 'only

'only tell you, that your Sister is dis-'covered, and the Estate is your own.'

Booth was in such Confusion, that he scarce made any Answer; and now appeared the Justice and his Clerk, and immediately afterwards the Constable with his Prisoner, the Bailiff, and as many more as could possibly crowd up Stairs.

The Doctor now addressed himself to the sick Man, and desired him to repeat the same Information before the Justice which he had made already; to which *Robinson* readily consented.

While the Clerk was taking down the Information, the Attorney expressed a very impatient Desire to send instantly for his Clerk; and expressed so much Uneasiness at the Confusion in which he had left his Papers at home, that a Thought suggested itself to the Doctor, that if his House was searched, some Lights, and Evidence, relating to this Affair, would certainly be found; he therefore desired the Justice to grant a Search-Warrant immediately, to search his House.

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The Juſtice anſwered that he had no ſuch Power. That if there was any Suſpicion of ſtolen Goods, he could grant a Warrant to ſearch for them.

'How, Sir!' ſaid the Doctor, 'can 'you grant a Warrant to ſearch a Man's 'Houſe for a ſilver Tea-ſpoon, and not 'in a Caſe like this, where a Man is robbed 'of his whole Eſtate?'

'Hold, Sir,' ſays the ſick Man, 'I 'believe I can anſwer that Point; for I can 'ſwear he hath ſeveral Title Deeds of the 'Eſtate now in his Poſſeſſion, which I am 'ſure were ſtolen from the right Owner.'

The Juſtice ſtill heſitated. He ſaid Title Deeds ſavoured of the Realty, and it was not Felony to ſteal them. If indeed they were taken away in a Box, then it would be Felony to ſteal the Box.

'Savour of the Realty! ſavour of the '*Fartalty*,' ſaid the Doctor, 'I never heard 'ſuch incomprehenſible Nonſenſe. This is 'impudent, as well as childiſh trifling with 'the Lives and Properties of Men.'

'Well,

'Well, Sir,' ſaid *Robinſon*, 'I now am 'ſure I can do his Buſineſs; for I know 'he hath a ſilver Cup in his Poſſeſſion, 'which is the Property of this Gentleman, (meaning *Booth*) 'and how he got it but 'by Stealth, let him account if he can.'

'That will do,' cries the Juſtice with great Pleaſure. 'That will do; and if 'you will charge him on Oath with that, 'I will inſtantly grant my Warrant to ſearch 'his Houſe for it.' 'And I will go and ſee 'it executed,' cries the Doctor: For it was a Maxim of his, that no Man could deſcend below himſelf in doing any Act which may contribute to protect an innocent Perſon, or to bring a Rogue to the Gallows.

The Oath was inſtantly taken, the Warrant ſigned, and the Doctor attended the Conſtable in the Execution of it.'

The Clerk then proceeded in taking the Information of *Robinſon*, and had juſt finiſhed it, when the Doctor returned with the utmoſt Joy in his Countenance, and declared that he had ſufficient Evidence of the Fact in his Poſſeſſion. He had indeed two or three Letters from Miſs *Harris*, in anſwer to the Attorney's fre-

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quent Demands of Money for Secrecy, that fully explained the whole Villainy.

The Justice now asked the Prisoner what he had to say for himself, or whether he chose to say any Thing in his own Defence.

'Sir,' said the Attorney with great 'Confidence, I am not to defend myself 'here; It will be of no Service to me; 'for I know you neither can, nor will dis-'charge me. But I am extremely inno-'cent of all this Matter, as I doubt not 'but to make appear to the Satisfaction 'of a Court of Justice.'

The legal previous Ceremonies were then gone through of binding over the Prosecutor, &c. and then the Attorney was committed to *Newgate*; whither he was escorted amidst the Acclamations of the Populace.

When *Murphy* was departed, and a little Calm restored in the House, the Justice made his Compliments of Congratulation to *Booth*; who, as well as he could in his present Tumult of Joy, returned his Thanks to both the Magistrate and the Dec-

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Doctor. They were now all preparing to depart, when Mr. *Boudum* ſtept up to *Booth*, and ſaid: 'Hold, Sir, you have 'forgot one Thing——you have not given 'Bail yet.'

This occaſioned ſome Diſtreſs at this Time; for the Attorney's Friend was departed; but when the Juſtice heard this, he immediately offered himſelf as the other Bondſman; and thus ended the Affair.

It was now paſt Six o'Clock, and none of the Gentlemen had yet dined. They very readily therefore accepted the Magiſtrate's Invitation, and went all together to his Houſe.

And now the very firſt Thing that was done, even before they ſet down to Dinner, was to diſpatch a Meſſenger to one of the beſt Surgeons in Town, to take Care of *Robinſon*; and another Meſſenger to *Booth*'s Lodgings, to prevent *Amelia*'s Concern at their ſtaying ſo long.

The latter however was to little Purpoſe; for *Amelia*'s Patience had been worn out before, and ſhe had taken a Hackney-Coach, and driven to the Bailiff's, where

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ſhe arrived a little after the Departure of her Huſband, and was thence directed to the Juſtice's.

Though there was no kind of Reaſon for *Amelia*'s Fright at hearing that her Huſband and Doctor *Harriſon* were gone before the Juſtice; and though ſhe indeed imagined that they were there in the Light of Complainants, not of Offenders; yet ſo tender were her Fears for her Huſband, and ſo much had her gentle Spirits been lately agitated, that ſhe had a thouſand Apprehenſions of ſhe knew not what. When ſhe arrived therefore at the Houſe, ſhe ran directly into the Room, where all the Company were at Dinner, ſcarce knowing what ſhe did, or whither ſhe was going.

She found her Huſband in ſuch a Situation, and diſcovered ſuch Chearfulneſs in his Countenance, that ſo violent a Turn was given to her Spirits, that ſhe was juſt able, with the Aſſiſtance of a Glaſs of Water, to ſupport herſelf. She ſoon however recovered her Calmneſs, and in a little Time began to eat what might indeed be almoſt called her Breakfaſt.

The

The Juſtice now wiſhed her Joy of what had happened that Day; for which ſhe kindly thanked him, apprehending he meant the Liberty of her Huſband. His Worſhip might perhaps have explained himſelf more largely, had not the Doctor given him a timely Wink; for this wiſe and good Man was fearful of making ſuch a Diſcovery all at once to *Amelia*, leſt it ſhould overpower her; and luckily the Juſtice's Wife was not well enough acquainted with the Matter to ſay any thing more on it than barely to aſſure the Lady that ſhe joined in her Huſband's Congratulation.

Amelia was then in a clean white Gown, which ſhe had that Day redeemed, and was indeed dreſſed all over with great Neatneſs and Exactneſs; with the Glow therefore which aroſe in her Features from finding her Huſband releaſed from his Captivity, ſhe made ſo charming a Figure, that ſhe attracted the Eyes of the Magiſtrate and of his Wife, and they both agreed when they were alone, that they had never ſeen ſo charming a Creature; nay *Booth* himſelf afterwards told her that he ſcarce ever remembered her to look ſo extremely beautiful as ſhe did that Evening. Whe-

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Whether *Amelia*'s Beauty, or the Reflexion on the remarkable Act of Justice he had performed, or whatever Motive filled the Magistrate with extraordinary good Humour, and opened his Heart and Cellars, I will not determine; but he gave them so hearty a Welcome, and they were all so pleased with each other, that *Amelia*, for that one Night, trusted the Care of her Children to the Woman where they lodged, nor did the Company rise from Table till the Clock struck eleven.

They then separated. *Amelia* and *Booth* having been set down at their Lodgings retired into each other's Arms; nor did *Booth* that Evening, by the Doctor's Advice, mention one Word of the grand Affair to his Wife.

CHAP. VIII.

Thus this History draws nearer to a Conclusion.

IN the Morning early *Amelia* received the following Letter from Mrs. *Atkinson*.

'The Surgeon of the Regiment, to 'which the Captain my Husband late-

'ly

'ly belonged, and who came this E-
'vening to see the Captain, hath almost
'frightened me out of my Wits by a
'strange Story of your Husband being
'committed to Prison by a Justice of
'Peace for Forgery. For Heaven's Sake
'send me the Truth. If my Husband can be
'of any Service, weak as he is, he will be
'carried in a Chair to serve a Brother Officer
'for whom he hath a Regard, which I
'need not mention. Or if the Sum of
'20*l.* will be of any Service to you, I will
'wait upon you with it the Moment I
'can get my Cloaths on, the Morning
'you receive this; for it is too late to
'send to Night. The Captain begs
'his hearty Service and Respects, and be-
'lieve me,

Dear Madam,

Your ever affectionate Friend,
and humble Servant,

'F. Atkinson.'

When *Amelia* read this Letter to *Booth* they were both equally surprised, she at the Commitment for Forgery, and he at seeing such a Letter from Mrs. *Atkinson*; for he was a Stranger yet to the Reconciliation that had happened.

Booth's

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Booth's Doubts were firſt ſatisfied by *Amelia*, from which he received great Pleaſure; for he really had a very great Affection and Fondneſs for Mr. *Atkinſon*, who indeed ſo well deſerved it. 'Well, 'my Dear,' ſaid he to *Amelia* ſmiling, 'ſhall we accept this generous Offer?

'O fy! no certainly,' anſwered ſhe.

'Why not, cries *Booth*, it is but a Trifle; 'and yet it will be of great Service to us?

'But conſider, my Dear,' ſaid ſhe, 'how 'ill theſe poor People can ſpare it.

'They can ſpare it for a little while,' ſaid *Booth*, 'and we ſhall ſoon pay it them again?

'When, my Dear?' ſaid *Amelia*. 'Do, 'my dear *Will*, conſider our wretched Cir-'cumſtances. I beg you let us go into 'the Country immediately, and live upon 'Bread and Water, till Fortune pleaſes to 'ſmile upon us.

'I am convinced that Day is not far 'off,' ſaid *Booth*. 'However, give me 'Leave to ſend an Anſwer to Mrs. *Atkin-'kinſon*, that we ſhall be glad of her Com-'pany immediately to Breakfaſt. 'You

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'You know I never contradict you,' ſaid ſhe, 'but I aſſure you it is contrary to my 'Inclinations to take this Money.

'Well, ſuffer me,' cries he, 'to act this 'once contrary to your Inclinations.' He then writ a ſhort Note to Mrs. *Atkinſon*, and diſpatched it away immediately; which when he had done, *Amelia* ſaid, 'I ſhall 'be glad of Mrs. *Atkinſon*'s Company to 'Breakfaſt; but yet I wiſh you would 'oblige me in refuſing this Money. Take 'five Guineas only. That is indeed ſuch 'a Sum, as, if we never ſhould pay it, 'would ſit light on my Mind. The 'laſt Perſons in the World from whom I 'would receive Favours of that Sort, are 'the poor and generous.

'You can receive Favours only from the 'the Generous,' cries *Booth*; 'and, to be 'plain with you, there are very few who 'are generous that are not poor.

'What think you,' ſaid ſhe, 'of Dr. '*Harriſon*?

'I do aſſure you,' ſaid *Booth*, 'he is 'far from being rich. The Doctor hath 'an Income of little more than 600*l.* a 'Year;

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'Year; and I am convinced he gives away 'four of it. Indeed he is one of the beſt 'Oeconomiſts in the World; but yet I 'am poſitive he never was at any Time 'poſſeſſed of 500*l.* ſince he hath been a 'Man. Conſider, dear *Emely*, the late 'Obligations we have to this Gentleman, 'it would be unreaſonable to expect more, 'at leaſt at preſent; my Half-pay is mort-'gaged for a Year to come.——How then 'ſhall we live?

'By our Labour,' anſwered ſhe, 'I am 'able to labour, and I am ſure I am not 'aſhamed of it.

'And do you really think you can ſup-'port ſuch a Life?

'I am ſure I could be happy in it,' anſwered *Amelia*. 'And why not I as well 'as a thouſand others, who have not the 'Happineſs of ſuch a Huſband to make 'Life delicious? Why ſhould I complain 'of my hard Fate, while ſo many, who 'are much poorer than I, enjoy theirs. 'Am I of a ſuperior Rank of Being to 'the Wife of the honeſt Labourer? Am 'I not Partaker of one common Nature 'with her?

'My

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'My Angel,' cries *Booth*, 'it delights 'me to hear you talk thus, and for a Reason 'you little gueſs; for I am aſſured that 'one who can ſo heroically endure Ad- 'verſity, will bear Proſperity with equal 'Greatneſs of Soul; for the Mind that 'cannot be dejected by the former, is not 'likely to be tranſported with the latter.'

'If it had pleaſed Heaven', cried ſhe, 'to have tried me, I think, at leaſt I hope 'I ſhould have preſerved my Humility.

'Then, my Dear,' ſaid he, 'I will re- 'late you a Dream I had laſt Night. You 'know you lately mentioned a Dream of 'yours.

'Do ſo, ſaid ſhe, I am attentive.'

'I dreamt, ſaid he, this Night that we 'were in the moſt miſerable Situation 'imaginable. Indeed in the Situation we 'were Yeſterday Morning, or rather 'worſe, that I was laid in a Priſon for 'Debt, and that you wanted a Morſel of 'Bread to feed the Mouths of your hun- 'gry Children. At length (for nothing 'you know is quicker than the Tranſition 'in Dreams) Dr. *Harriſon* methought 'came

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'came to me, with Chearfulneſs and Joy
'in his Countenance. The Priſon Doors
'immediately flew open; and Dr. *Harri-*
'*ſon* introduced you, gayly tho' not richly
'dreſſed. That you gently chid me for
'ſtaying ſo long; all on a ſudden appear'd
'a Coach with four Horſes to it, in which
'was a Maid Servant with our two Chil-
'dren. We both immediately went into
'the Coach, and taking our Leave of the
'Doctor, ſet out towards your Country
'Houſe: for yours I dreamt it was.——
'I only aſk you now if this was real, and
'the Tranſition almoſt as ſudden, could
'you ſupport it?——

Amelia was going to anſwer when Mrs. *Atkinſon* came into the Room, and after very little previous Ceremony preſented *Booth* with a Bank Note, which he received of her, ſaying, he would very ſoon repay it; a Promiſe that a little offended *Amelia*, as ſhe thought he had no Chance of keeping it.

The Doctor preſently arrived, and the Company ſat down to Breakfaſt, during which Mrs. *Atkinſon* entertained them with the Hiſtory of the Doctors that had attended her Huſband, and with many vaſt Eulogiums

logiums on him who came laſt, by whoſe Advice *Atkinſon* was recovered from every thing but the Weakneſs which his Diſtemper had occaſioned.

When the Tea-Table was removed, *Booth* told the Doctor that he had acquainted his Wife with a Dream he had laſt Night. 'I dreamt, Doctor, ſaid he, that 'ſhe was reſtored to her Eſtate.

'Very well, ſaid the Doctor; and if I 'am to be the *Oneirepolos*, I believe the 'Dream will come to paſs. To ſay the 'Truth, I have rather a better Opinion of 'Dreams than *Horace* had. Old *Homer* 'ſays they came from *Jupiter*; and as to 'your Dream, I have often had it in my 'waking Thoughts, that ſome time or 'other that Roguery (for ſo I was always 'convinced it was) would be brought to 'Light: For the ſame *Homer* ſays, as 'you, Madam, (meaning Mrs. *Atkinſon*) 'very well know,

Εἴπερ γάρ τε καὶ αὐτίκ' Ὀλύμπιος ἠκ ἐτέλεσσεν,
Ἦ τε καὶ ὀψὲ τελεῖ· σὺν τε μεγάλῳ ἀπέτισαν
Σὺν σφῇσιν κεφαλῇσι, γυναιξί τε καὶ τεκέεσσιν *.

I have

* *If* Jupiter *doth not immediately execute his Vengeance; he will however execute it at laſt; and their Tranſ-*

I have no *Greek* Ears, Sir, ſaid Mrs. *Atkinſon*. 'I believe I could underſtand 'it in the Delphin *Homer*.

I wiſh, cries he, my dear Child, (to '*Amelia*) you would read a little in the 'Delphin *Ariſtotle*, or elſe in ſome Chriſtian 'Divine, to learn a Doctrine which you 'will one Day have a Uſe for, I mean to 'bear the hardeſt of all human Conflicts, 'and ſupport with an even Temper and 'without any violent Tranſports of Mind, 'a ſudden Guſt of Proſperity.

Indeed, cries *Amelia*, 'I ſhould almoſt 'think my Huſband and you, Doctor, had 'ſome very good News to tell me, by 'your uſing, both of you, the ſame Introduction. As far as I know myſelf, I 'think I can anſwer, I can ſupport any 'Degree of Proſperity, and I think I 'yeſterday ſhew'd I could: For I do 'aſſure you, it is not in the Power of 'Fortune to try me with ſuch another 'Tranſition from Grief to Joy, as I con-'ceived from ſeeing my Huſband in Priſon 'and at Liberty.

Tranſgreſſion ſhall fall heavily on their own Heads, and on their Wives and Children.

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'Well, you are a good Girl,' cries the Doctor, 'and after I have put on my 'Spectacles I will try you.

The Doctor then took out a News Paper, and read as follows.

'Yesterday one *Murphy*, an eminent 'Attorney at Law, was committed to '*Newgate*, for the Forgery of a Will 'under which an Estate hath been for many 'Years detain'd from the right Owner.'

'Now in this Paragraph there is some-thing very remarkable, and that is—— that it is true: but *opus est explanatum*. In the Delphin Edition of this News Paper, there is the following Note upon the Words Right Owner. 'The Right Owner 'of this Estate is a young Lady of the 'higheſt Merit, whoſe Maiden Name was '*Harris*, and who ſome Time ſince was 'married to an idle Fellow, one Lieute-'nant *Booth*. And the beſt Hiſtorians 'aſſure us, that Letters from the elder 'Siſter of this Lady, which manifeſtly 'prove the Forgery, and clear up the 'whole Affair, are in the Hands of an 'old Parſon, call'd Dr. *Harriſon*.

'And

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'And is this really true, cries *Amelia*?

'Yes, really, and sincerely, cries the 'Doctor. The whole Estate; for your 'Mother left it you all, and is as surely 'yours, as if you was already in Possession.

'Gracious Heaven, cries she, falling 'on her Knees, I thank you.'——And then starting up, she ran to her Husband, and embracing him, cried, 'My dear 'Love, I wish you Joy: and I ought 'in Gratitude to wish it you; for you are 'the Cause of mine. It is upon yours, 'and my Children's Account, that I prin-'cipally rejoice.

Mrs. *Atkinson* rose from her Chair, and jumped about the Room for Joy, repeating,

Tume quod optanti Divûm promittere Nemo
Auderet, volvenda Dies, en, attulit ultro *.

Amelia now threw herself into a Chair, complain'd she was a little faint, and

* *What none of all the Gods could grant thy Vows,*
That, Tumus, *this auspicious Day bestows.*

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begg'd a Glaſs of Water. The Doctor advis'd her to be blooded; but ſhe refuſed, ſaying ſhe requir'd a Vent of another Kind.———She then deſir'd her Children to be brought to her, whom ſhe immediately caught in her Arms, and having profuſely cried over them for ſeveral Minutes, declar'd ſhe was eaſy. After which ſhe ſoon regain'd her uſual Temper and Complexion.

That Day they din'd together, and in the Afternoon they all, except the Doctor, viſited Captain *Atkinſon*; he repair'd to the Bailiff's Houſe to viſit the ſick Man, whom he found very chearful, the Surgeon having aſſur'd him that he was in no Danger.

The Doctor had a long Spiritual Diſcourſe with *Robinſon*, who aſſur'd him that he ſincerely repented of his paſt Life, that he was reſolv'd to lead his future Days in a different Manner, and to make what Amends he could for his Sins to the Society by bringing one of the greateſt Rogues in it to Juſtice. There was a Circumſtance which much pleaſed the Doctor, and made him conclude that, however *Robinſon* had been corrupted by his old Maſter, he had naturally a good Diſpoſition. This was, that *Robinſon* declared he was chiefly induced to the Diſcovery by what

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had happened at the Pawnbroker's, and by the Miseries which he there perceived he had been instrumental in bringing on *Booth* and his Family.

The next Day *Booth* and his Wife, at the Doctor's Instance, din'd with Colonel *James* and his Lady, where they were receiv'd with great Civility, and all Matters were accommodated, without *Booth* ever knowing a Syllable of the Challenge even to this Day.

The Doctor insisted very strongly on having Miss *Harris* taken into Custody, and said, if she was his Sister, he would deliver her to Justice. He added besides, that it was impossible to skreen her, and carry on the Prosecution, or indeed recover the Estate. *Amelia* at last begg'd the Delay of one Day only, in which Time she wrote a Letter to her Sister informing her of the Discovery and the Danger in which she stood, and begg'd her earnestly to make her Escape, with many Assurances that she would never suffer her to know any Distress. This Letter she sent away Express, and it had the desir'd Effect: for Miss *Harris* having receiv'd sufficient Information from the Attorney to the same Purpose, immediately set out for *Pool*, and from thence to *France*, carrying with her all her Money,

moſt of her Cloaths, and ſome few Jewels. She had indeed pack'd up Plate and Jewels to the Value of 2000 *l.* and upwards. But *Booth* to whom *Amelia* communicated the Letter, prevented her, by ordering the Man that went with the Expreſs, (who had been a Serjeant of the Foot Guards recommended to him by *Atkinſon*) to ſuffer the Lady to go whither ſhe pleaſed, but not to take any Thing with her except her Cloaths, which he was carefully to ſearch. Theſe Orders were obey'd punctually, and with theſe ſhe was oblig'd to comply.

Two Days after the Bird was flown, a Warrant from the Lord Chief Juſtice arriv'd to take her up, the Meſſenger of which return'd with the News of her Flight, highly to the Satisfaction of *Amelia*, and conſequently of *Booth*, and indeed not greatly to the Grief of the Doctor.

About a Week afterwards *Booth* and *Amelia*, with their Children, and Captain *Atkinſon* and his Lady, all ſet forwards together for *Amelia*'s Houſe, where they arriv'd amidſt the Acclamations of all the Neighbours, and every public Demonſtration of Joy.

They found the Houſe ready prepar'd to receive them by *Atkinſon*'s Friend, the old Serjeant, and a good Dinner prepar'd for them by *Amelia*'s old Nurſe, who was

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addreſſed with the utmoſt Duty by her Son and Daughter, moſt affectionately careſs'd by *Booth* and his Wife, and by *Amelia*'s abſolute Command ſeated next to herſelf at the Table. At which perhaps were aſſembled ſome of the beſt and happieſt People then in the World.

CHAP. IX.

In which the Hiſtory is concluded.

HAVING brought our Hiſtory to a Concluſion, as to thoſe Points in which we preſume our Reader was chiefly intereſted, in the foregoing Chapter; we ſhall in this, by way of Epilogue, endeavour to ſatisfy his Curioſity, as to what hath ſince happened to the principal Perſonages of whom we have treated in the foregoing Pages.

Colonel *James* and his Lady, after living in a polite Manner for many Years together, at laſt agreed to live in as polite a Manner aſunder. The Colonel hath kept Miſs *Mathews* ever ſince, and is at length grown to doat on her (though now very diſagreeable in her Perſon, and immenſely fat) to ſuch a Degree, that he ſubmits to be treated by her in the moſt tyrannical Manner. He

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He allows his Lady 800 *l.* a Year, with which ſhe divides her Time between *Tunbridge*, *Bath* and *London*, and paſſes about nine Hours in the twenty-four at Cards. Her Income is lately increaſed by 3000 *l.* left her by her Brother Colonel *Bath*, who was killed in a Duel about ſix Years ago, by a Gentleman who told the Colonel he differed from him in Opinion.

The noble Peer and Mrs. *Elliſon* have been both dead ſeveral Years, and both of the Conſequences of their favourite Vices; Mrs. *Elliſon* having fallen a Martyr to her Liquor, and the other to his Amours, by which he was at laſt become ſo rotten, that he ſtunk above Ground.

The Attorney, *Murphy*, was brought to his Trial at the *Old-Bailey*, where, after much quibbling about the Meaning of a very plain Act of Parliament, he was at length convicted of Forgery, and was ſoon afterwards hanged at *Tyburn*.

The Witneſs for ſome Time ſeemed to reform his Life, and received a ſmall Penſion from *Booth*; after which he returned to vicious Courſes, took a Purſe on the Highway, was detected and taken, and

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followed the laſt Steps of his old Maſter. So apt are Men, whoſe Manners have been once thoroughly corrupted, to return, from any Dawn of an Amendment, into the dark Paths of Vice.

As to Miſs *Harris*, ſhe lived three Years with a broken Heart at *Boulogne*, where ſhe received annually fifty Pounds from her Siſter, who was hardly prevailed on by Dr. *Harriſon* not to ſend her a Hundred, and then died in a moſt miſerable Manner.

Mr. *Atkinſon* upon the whole hath led a very happy Life with his Wife, though he hath been ſometimes obliged to pay proper Homage to her ſuperior Underſtanding and Knowledge. This, however, he chearfully ſubmits to, and ſhe makes him proper Returns of Fondneſs. They have two fine Boys, of whom they are equally fond. He is lately advanced to the Rank of Captain, and laſt Summer both he and his Wife paid a Viſit of three Months to *Booth* and his Wife.

Dr. *Harriſon* is grown old in Years, and in Honour; beloved and reſpected by all his Pariſhioners, and by all his Neighbours. He divides his Time between his Pariſh, his old Town, and *Booth*'s——at which laſt Place he had, two Years ago, a gentle Fit of the Gout, being the firſt Attack

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tack of that Distemper. During this Fit *Amelia* was his Nurse, and her two oldest Daughters sat up alternately with him for a whole Week. The Eldest of those Girls, whose Name is *Amelia*, is his Favourite; she is the Picture of her Mother, and it is thought the Doctor hath distinguished her in his Will; for he hath declared that he will leave his whole Fortune, except some few Charities, among *Amelia*'s Children.

As to *Booth* and *Amelia*, Fortune seems to have made them large Amends for the Tricks she played them in their Youth. They have, ever since the above Period of this History, enjoyed an uninterrupted Course of Health and Happiness. In about six Weeks after *Booth*'s first coming into the Country, he went to *London*, and paid all his Debts of Honour; after which, and a Stay of two Days only, he returned into the Country, and hath never since been thirty Miles from home. He hath two Boys and four Girls; the eldest of the Boys; he, who hath made his Appearance in this History, is just come from the University, and is one of the finest Gentlemen, and best Scholars of his Age. The second is just going from School, and is intended for the Church, that being his

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own Choice. His eldeſt Daughter is a Woman grown, but we muſt not mention her Age. A Marriage was propoſed to her the other Day with a young Fellow of a good Eſtate, but ſhe never would ſee him more than once; 'for Dr. *Harriſon*, ſays ſhe, 'told me he was illiterate, and 'I am ſure he is ill natured.' The ſecond Girl is three Years younger than her Siſter, and the others are yet Children.

If *Booth* hath lately had any Misfortune, it was that one of theſe younger Children had, for two Years, a violent Humour, which ſhe contracted from her Nurſe; but ſhe was laſt Summer perfectly cured by the *Glaſtonbury* Waters.

Amelia is ſtill the fineſt Woman in *England* of her Age. *Booth* himſelf often avers ſhe is as handſome as ever. Nothing can equal the Serenity of their Lives. *Amelia* declared to me the other Day, that ſhe did not remember to have ſeen her Huſband out of Humour theſe ten Years; and upon my inſinuating to her, that he had the beſt of Wives, ſhe anſwered with a Smile, that ſhe ought to be ſo, for that he had made her the happieſt of Women.

FINIS.

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